RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

Rocky's Contentment *John Osborne*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—November 8, 1975, 50 cents

Passing the Buck To Demons

Richard Critchfield

Republican Spain

Juan Marichal

Reed Whittemore on Sally Quinn
Germaine Brée on Maupassant
Morton Halperin on CIA Obsessions
Roger Rosenblatt on Baretta

NEWS
44017
BLADWIN WALLACE COLLEGE
RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
BEREA OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington ®
November 8, 1975

Humphrey Hype

I suppose the most successful US political speech in modern times was Franklin Roosevelt's Teamsters Union speech about "my little dog, Fala" in 1944 that devastated Dewey. After that I should regretfully have to add Nixon's "Republican cloth coat" speech in 1952 when he was fighting for his political life on the Eisenhower ticket. It was corny and meretricious and it brought in his wife, his children and his dog Checkers but there was no doubt about it even to some of us who were disgusted by the performance, when he finished with the pledge "to campaign up and down America until we drive the crooks and Communists and those who defend them out of Washington" he had scored a political bull's-eye. "You're my boy!" said Ike.

There have been other notable political addresses in recent times and some of them will be cited later on, but this is to record that Hubert Humphrey made a remarkable speech the other day in San Francisco to the AFL-CIO convention. Everybody loves Hubert. But some of us give a sigh (albeit with affection) at the thought that he might be the Democratic candidate again next year. Can't the Democrats come up with a fresh face; why should they use a retread? Yet there can be no question that after that San Francisco speech Hubert abruptly emerged as somebody to be reckoned with. Nobody takes polls too seriously at this early date for they are mostly name-recognition, but momentarily, at least, Gallup has put Humphrey—the man who isn't going to enter any of the primaries—at "the top of the Democratic presidential field."

Humphrey, in what "Mr. Meany and many other onlookers considered one of the great speeches of his long career," reporterd R.W. Apple, Jr. to *The New York Times*," tore the house down . . . delegates cheered and whistled and screamed . . . on the floor, delegate after delegate expressed hope that Mr. Humphrey would be the nominee . . ." and so on.

Well there have been other powerful speeches: FDR's "Nothing to fear . . ." and his "Day of Infamy" addresses. He could communicate confidence, Arthur Schlesinger has written, by the intonation of his voice, the tilt of his head, the flourish of his cigarette holder. A cherished recollection is a speech by Ev Dirksen, a last-ditch Taft supporter, shaking the wild locks of his hair like Sargosso Sea kelp at Gov. Dewey on the convention floor (who was backing Ike) and hurling studied insults at him from the podium—"you took us down the road to defeat!"—while the packed galleries cheered and booed.

There was Bobby Kennedy's brief, tragic talk on the back of a flatbed truck on the eve of Martin Luther King's assassination, and again his eulogy to his brother at the Atlantic City Democratic convention quoting Shakespeare. (He was one of the few politicians who could quote Shakespeare and get away with it.)

—Yes, and Harry Truman's acceptance speech in the stifling heat of the Philadelphia convention hall at two in the morning in 1948, announcing that he would call the no-good Republican Congress back to the Turnip Day special session...A game little cuss.

—And before coming back to Hubert let me include Lyndon Johnson's stirring civil rights speech to a joint session of Congress, March 15, 1965, that makes up for a lot of his mistakes:

"Their cause must be our cause, too. Because it is not just Negroes, but really it is all of us, who must overcome the crippling legacy of bigotry and injustice. And we shall overcome."

Hubert Humphrey has a rugged, cartoon face, thrust-out jaw, pink cheeks, small eyes and surprised eyebrows. He has enough energy so that if you could wire him he would light a house. A group of us asked him the other day what the Democrats should do about George Wallace. "I would treat him like any candidate who should not be a President," he said simply. Why wasn't he running himself? "I've found you can't be a good senator and a good candidate." Why does President Ford keep up his frantic pace? "He is doing it because he sees the shadow of Ronald Reagan. It is folly, because no Ronald Reagan can unseat a *President* if he *is* President. He ought to stay home and tend to the store." Asked point-blank if he thought he would make a better President than Ford, Humphrey answered matter-of-factly, "Yes."

Give Hubert Humphrey 45 minutes to make a 30-minute speech before a friendly audience and he is one of the most effective speakers in America. The fact is, I think, that the nation is confused and disturbed and at a time when it fears for its jobs it gets attacks on big government, when it wonders about high gasoline prices it gets denunciations of regulation, when it agonizes over recession it hears the administration leaders attack bureaucracy which they are in charge of. "It is stylish these days," Humphrey told the labor convention, "to say all the old programs that Roosevelt had, Truman, Kennedy and Johnson had, all these programs, you know, are worn out, no good."

Then he went over the programs, social security to food stamps, "If it were not for the programs of Roosevelt and Truman, of Kennedy and Johnson," he cried, "this country would be flat on its back today in a massive depression."

There is something hypnotic in Humphrey's torrent, every thought repeated, every phrase given variations, the flood no more to be dammed than Niagara, sweeping receptive audiences with it: "We need leaders with a heart. We need people who care. We need people who err on the side of compassion and fair play, and we need leaders who will challenge this country, who will challenge the spirit and strength of the American people to achieve what they want. . . . The people are obviously waiting, and I say to you that they have waited long enough and they are impatient...Let America sing once again and let's get back and get to work."

It is not easy in quotations to blast off chips of it, but if you yield to it it sweeps you along: "I'm not going to run away from the great dynamic leadership that I voted for when I was a young man and someone spoke to me as if he was in my heart and my mind and my soul and said, 'All you have to fear, Hubert Humphrey, is fear itself', and who said, 'We are going to get this country going again.'"

It's powerful, moving stuff. The labor audience?—as I said at the beginning, he wowed them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 173, No. 19, Issue 3174, November 8, 1975. Published weekly (except the issues of January 4, July 12, August 9, August 23) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone 331-7494. Single copy, 50¢; Yearly subscriptions, $17; foreign, $20; students, $10. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright 1975 by The New Republic, Inc.* *Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.*

Contents

Comment
Trade War Among Friends
Red (2) Scare—*Jean Carper*
Who's Racist?—*Michael Walzer*
House Mail—*Alan Tonelson*
White House Watch: Report on Rocky —*John Osborne*
No King for the New Spain—*Juan Marichal*
"Activists" at the CIA—*Morton H. Halperin*
Passing the Buck to Demons —*Richard Critchfield*
Theater—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Television—*Reed Whittemore*
Books—Reviews by *Germaine Bree, Robin W. Winks, Paul Berman, Matt Witt, Neil Harris, Gerald Mast*
The Back of the Book—*Roger Rosenblatt*

The Staff

Chairman, Editorial Board—Martin Peretz
Publisher—Robert J. Myers
Managing Editor—David Sanford
Literary Editor—Roger Rosenblatt
Senior Editor—John Osborne
Associate Editor—Eliot Marshall
Assistant to the Editors—Gwen Somers
Assistant to the Literary Editor— Cherryl Holt
Films and Theater—Stanley Kauffmann
Guest Poetry Editor—Robert Fitzgerald
Contributing Editors—Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Peter J. Ognibene, John Seelye, Tad Szulc, Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer, Paul R. Wieck
Production Manager—Ilene Briggin Kahane
Assistant Production Manager— Elise D. Ritter
Circulation Manager— Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien
Business Manager—Pearl Wilmer Ramsey
Assistant Business Manager— Constance Cole Twining
New Republic Feature Syndicate— Leslie B. Seagrave
Advertising and Promotion— Beth W. Newburger
Receptionist—Ruby McGowan
Staff Assistant—Maria P. Bernabe
Advertising Representative— E. Laurence White, 50 E. 42nd St., NYC 10017, (212) 986-6210

Trade War Among Friends

A truism: it is easier to run an open world trading system in a time of economic growth than in a time of economic instability and recession. With that wisdom in the back of their minds, the major industrial nations of the West gave their word, in the form of a trade pledge in spring 1974 that was renewed in spring 1975, that they would avoid protectionist measures. But it is now autumn 1975, in the worst recession since World War II, and mutual assurances of good intentions and high principles are giving way to skirmishing as a protectionist urge becomes more obvious.

At least the members of the European Community believe that the United States is giving in to protectionism. Investigations—based upon charges of such "unfair" trading practices as dumping and export subsidies—have been launched against a whole host of European exports to the United States, from canned hams and cheese to ski bindings and water pumps. Most important of all are assaults on two key European exports. The US International Trade Commission is now officially investigating, on the basis of a complaint filed by the United Auto Workers, whether foreign automakers are dumping their autos in the American market, that is, selling at a lower price than in their own home markets. Meanwhile on September 18, United States Steel officially applied for the application of countervailing duties against European steel on the grounds that the European companies receive indirect subsidies in the form of tax rebates. Altogether the European Community calculates that almost $4.5 billion worth of exports—a fifth of all their exports to the United States—are imperiled by present or imminent investigations.

But it is steel and cars, in particular, that galvanized the commission into action. European auto exports to the United States totalled some $2.5 billion last year. And the charges against European steel come at a time when the EEC verges on declaring the entire industry "in a state of manifest crisis," with a host of emergency measures to follow. Such a step would be unprecedented, but then so is the situation—European steel production is down 30 percent from last year.

The EEC has coupled its vocal outrage with the assertion that the US actions violate the rules of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), with a call for a special GATT meeting, and with the not-overly-disguised threat of counterattack, including disruption of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the next round of trade talks and investigations into the background of US exports to Europe. Such a situation raises the unpleasant specter of retaliation and counter-retaliation, of governments giving way to this and that interest, and finally to an all-out trade war.

"We've fired a warning shot, and now we're waiting for the reaction," one EEC official told me. "We see a drift towards protectionism in the United States. Various private interests have seen in the Trade Act of 1974 a way to protect themselves, and the administration is not resisting. What good does it do if the United States says it stands by the principle of liberal trade if those principles do not result in a liberal trade policy." The Europeans believe that the Ford administration is not putting up a fight against this drift, and indeed may use protectionism as an election plank in 1976 if economic conditions remain bad. By threatening to retaliate, explained this official, "we think we can stiffen the administration's backbone."

Whether deliberately or not, the administration initially responded through the convenient mechanism of two spokesmen saying two different things to two different groups. US Special Trade Representative Frederick Dent, clearly speaking to the folks back home, warned the Common Market in turn that it had better not try anything funny and declared that all the investigations were aimed at defending the US market "from unfair or illegal practices of others." On the other hand, Commerce Secretary Rogers Morton, reassuring the Europeans in London, said that the Ford administration was "not encouraging" the investigations and added that US anti-dumping procedures needed "simplifying and clarifying."

What has been happening, though, is that the provisions of the 1974 Trade Act are being put into practice—and that practice is indeed cumbersome. In September, the International Trade Commission decided that it could not decide whether there were reasonable indications of injury from auto imports. It could still be an entire year, however, before all the stages of investigation—a preliminary decision on dumping, a final determination on dumping, then a decision about whether said dumping has been injurious—are completed. Obviously this introduces considerable uncertainty, especially as, if a preliminary finding of dumping is made, the government reserves the right to come around six months later and collect whatever final anti-dumping duties are finally decided upon. Which means, in turn, that importing dealers are forced to jack up their prices to protect themselves long before any final decision is reached.

Certainly, at this point, the Europeans have a good case for concern. To begin with, the United States is running what looks to be the largest trade surplus with the Community of the last decade and a half—it will probably reach six billion dollars this year, as opposed to two billion dollars last year. This gap results less from an increase in US exports to Europe than from a sizable decline in European exports to the United States. As to cars, it is true that all foreign imports, which accounted for 15 percent of the total US market in 1970, reached 20 percent in the first half of 1975 (of which the Japanese took half)—but this was due not so much to an increase in imports as to the recession and to a decline in the sales of homemade large cars. The auto companies, if not the United Auto Workers, admit as much. Moreover shifts in exchange rates have meant that cars already imported to the United States might well be selling from time to time at prices below those in their own home markets. The complaint about the European steel industry is based upon the charge that the European system of value-added tax makes for an export subsidy. Thus if US Steel's case is upheld, the entire range of European exports to America would immediately be imperiled.

Nevertheless various interests in the US, rightly from their own point of view in a period of distress, are trying to safeguard their position through the downturn. "Look at this," said an executive at the German steelmaker Thyssen in Dusseldorf recently. He held up a series of US Steel advertisements from the trade journal, *Iron Age*, quoting heads of various American companies saying that they will buy only domestic steel for reasons of "reliability." "These ads would convince more people if they ran in *Vogue*," said the German. "Any engineer or real steel man who looks at these has to laugh. Steel is steel, depending upon specifications." But the fact that the ads do appear in *Iron Age* is a sign of the present and growing protectionist psychology. Another sign: California's Gov. Edmund Brown, Jr. told a nationwide television audience a couple of weeks ago that new—presumably higher—tariffs are a key method for ensuring full employment.

Finally an embarrassed Ford administration heard the warning shots. Dent, who earlier criticized the Europeans, has turned to attack the record number of American complaints filed so far this year, particularly in the face of the strong US trade balance. "To those looking at the US from abroad," he said, "these filings suggest that our country may be turning protectionist." The trend, he added, could even "disrupt" the whole GATT system; and he strongly suggested that the Ford administration would fight the major complaints. With that, he took off to Europe to assure EEC officials that the administration has only goodwill and liberal trade at heart.

While the Europeans are right to fear that protectionist appeals will become more common in election year 1976, they are being just a little bit disingenuous in pointing at American transgressions. Similar tendencies have been indicated by the "wine war" between France and Italy; the EEC's informal pressure on Japan to restrict its exports to Europe; the charges by segments of the British steel industry that West German and Italian steel is being dumped in the UK;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the intense pressure on Harold Wilson's Labour government to introduce selective import controls under an emergency provision of Britain's accession treaty to the Common Market.

Whether this skirmish turns into a war depends less upon words out of Brussels and Washington, and much more upon whether there are signs of recovery and confidence in those signs. The signs then are not altogether hopeful. The OECD predicted in July that members' GNP as a whole would drop by 1.5 percent in 1975—now it has raised the ante to 2.5 percent.

Red (2) Scare

For 15 years the Food and Drug Administration has kept a food dye called Red number 2 on the market, despite indications that it doesn't belong there. The General Accounting Office issued a report on October 24 pointing out that the FDA's 15-year delay over Red 2, as consumer advocates have long claimed, "exposes the public to unnecessary risk." The report urged the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare to make up his mind: either have the FDA declare Red 2 safe or ban it from food, drugs and cosmetics. Red 2 is a ubiquitous dye, found in a variety of capsules and pills, lipsticks and countless foods including cereals, candy, snacks, pudding and gelatin mixes, ice cream, canned fruit, soft drinks and processed cheese. So far this year, 1.4 million pounds of Red 2 have been certified by the FDA for public consumption.

The GAO report, written at the request of Sen. Gaylord Nelson, describes how the FDA has given in to industry pressures since 1960 to keep Red 2 on the market, despite insufficient evidence of safety. Under FDA regulations, all food dyes were to be tested; in the interim, they were to be listed as "provisionally safe" for a "reasonable time" pending completion of scientific tests. Those found safe would then be shifted to a "permanently safe" list. The trial period was to last no more than two and a half years, with extensions only in unusual circumstances. However since 1960 the FDA has extended Red 2's provisional status 14 times under industry badgering and cajoling, despite mounting evidence of its dangers. Numerous animal studies indicate Red 2 may cause cancer, mutations, minor birth defects, sterility and early death to fetuses, even in small doses. Most of this evidence accumulated after two Russian studies published here in 1970 raised the specter that Red 2 might cause cancer and damage the reproductive system.

Since then the FDA has conducted a number of studies designed to confirm or refute these charges. According to the GAO report, the FDA's methods were far from professional. GAO investigators found that a study to ascertain the mutagenicity of Red 2, though completed in 1972, had never been analyzed. The data was analyzed this summer at the insistence of GAO, showing that Red 2 had in fact damaged chromosomes in test animals. When GAO investigators pointed out that an FDA advisory group that cleared Red 2 of blame in animal embryo deaths had been working with inaccurate statistics, an FDA official agreed the group's conclusion could probably not be supported.

Another test of the dye's carcinogenic qualities was so poorly managed that test rats were mixed in cages making it impossible to determine which had been given dosages of the dye, and which had not. Indeed so many rats died and were left to rot by FDA attendants that pathology examinations, necessary to obtain accurate data, were impossible in most cases. Five hundred rats began the study; 405 were sent to pathology, and of those only 103 were in any condition for tissue analysis. The study, the GAO concluded in understatement, is "of questionable validity."

The purpose of the 1960 law on color additives is clear: it's designed to prevent the marketing of food dyes unless they are proved safe. The burden of proof is on those who sell the dyes. With so much evidence against Red 2, it would be wrong at this point to give the dye a "permanent" safety listing. The only alternative under the law, as the GAO noted, is to ban the dye. To stretch Red 2's interim status into a 15-year grace period during which consumers are used as guinea pigs would be clearly contrary to the intent of Congress.

Red 2 is by no means indispensable. Many companies now use a substitute called Red 40 which has survived enough FDA tests to put it on the permanently safe list of dyes. Red 40, though not a perfect substitute for Red 2, fails only in that it cannot produce a true grape color when mixed with other dyes.

The FDA's response to the GAO study was to declare Red 2 "no risk to consumers" and announce that a new toxicology advisory committee would convene November 20 to reevaluate the evidence.

Jean Carper

Ms. Carper wrote *Eating May Be Hazardous to Your Health.*

Who's Racist?

It's not likely that anyone, anymore, knows what a racist is. The word is an abusive epithet frequently heard in United Nations debates—something like the old English "bounder." But it once had a more serious denotation. A racist was someone who believed, not in any casual way, but as a matter of intellectual and moral conviction, that he belonged to a master, or at least to a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

superior, race that ought to rule over the "lesser breeds." He claimed that there were races that had political rights and races that had none. Some South Africans still believe this.

We commonly think of racism as the ideology of the colonial period, but it is important to remember that its most extreme and frightening manifestation occurred in the heart of Europe. It was in the course of the war against nazism that racist ideology was forever discredited. In the aftermath of that war the great colonial empires collapsed, not only because the imperial states were exhausted, but also because their citizens could no longer sustain the illusion of superiority. They had seen themselves in the Nazi mirror and knew the ugliness of the racist creed.

As a world-historical ideology, racism has been replaced by national liberation. The replacement is a great gain for humanity—even if it often means only that local elites, bureaucrats and generals now rule in place of imperial officials (and with an identical brutality). Over most of the globe, the various races have managed to produce tyrants of their very own kind. But just as 16th-century Englishmen preferred Henry VIII to any foreign prince, so 20th-century Indians prefer Indira Gandhi to the British raj. They are quite right. The UN, with its 142 member states, each of them formally independent, if not actually free, represents the international recognition of that preference. It is founded on the principle of national liberation.

Now, one of the historic expressions of that principle was the establishment of the state of Israel—a state that stands for and embodies the national liberation of the Jewish people. Ravaged by Nazi racism, the Jews were reborn in one of the earliest anticolonial struggles. The rebirth was officially sanctioned by the UN, and Israel was among the first of the "new states" admitted to the international organization. Today Israel is threatened with expulsion, and Zionism, the ideology of Jewish liberation, is branded as a racist ideology. It is important to try to understand what is happening in the UN and what that brand means.

It doesn't mean that Zionists make claims about Jewish superiority; they don't. Their political convictions took shape in the world of European leftism and Jewish cosmopolitanism and are permanently identified with universalist principles. Nor does the brand refer in any serious way to the long-term conflict between Jews and Arabs in the Middle East. Such conflicts are endemic in an age of national liberation, and many states—India, Pakistan, Nigeria, Iraq, China and so on—have fought them out, often at great cost, without arousing much interest at the UN. I don't mean to endorse this callousness, or to suggest that the UN should be as indifferent to the fate of Palestinian Arabs as it has been to that of Kashmiris, Bengalis, Biafrans, Kurds, Tibetans (to say nothing of those many national groups oppressed by the Russians). The attack on Zionism is not, in fact, a claim for parallel rights for any other people; it is quite simply a denial of Jewish rights.

What the UN is in the process of deciding is that the Jews, alone of all the peoples of the world, have no right of national liberation. There are certainly precedents for that decision, but none that can be cited without shame and sorrow. The recent vote of the Social, Humanitarian and Cultural Committee of the General Assembly represents the reestablishment of a kind of racism within the world of nations: it suggests that some nations have political rights and others have none.

The Arab states and two of their allies on this occasion, the Fascist regimes of Chile and Spain, may believe that doctrine; I doubt that many other UN

Sadat's Simple Example

Henry Kissinger brought his friend President Anwar Sadat of Egypt to Washington last week in the hope he would show himself to be a man of moderation and balance. It didn't quite turn out that way. Queried at the National Press Club about his government's attitude to the UN resolution equating Zionism with racism, he responded with a rambling but revealing personal reminiscence:

We are not anti-Semitic because, as I told you, we are Semites and I tell you something very interesting. We have had the Jews in our country and they were living with us on equal basis—even much more than this—and they had our economy in their hands up till 1950 or more. And we didn't complain. We were living side-by-side but this Zionist issue has changed everything really. In 1950 I returned to the army after seven years of concentration camp and prison. I returned to the army and I started furnishing my apartment. I went to the dealers to ask for a radio set. This was in 1950 as I told you, and all our economy was in the hands of the Jews at that time because they received orders from Zionism from Israel. You will not believe that I was denied a radio set to buy because I couldn't buy it except from the dealer at that time and all the dealers and everything in our country was in the hands of the Jews. I was denied this radio because I am an officer in the army who has fought Israel. This is a very simple example that shows you.

On such mad perceptions of reality hinge the prospects for Middle East peace. Sadat, moreover, seemed to have his dates confused. If he had served in the Egyptian army against Israel prior to 1950, he couldn't have been in jail until 1950. The important truth, however, is that he was imprisoned by the British during World War II for collaborating with the Nazis, from whom, no doubt, he learned about Jews controlling economies.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

members do. But the others are not yet ready to see themselves in the mirror of Arab hatred. Votes are exchanged with a rare cynicism in New York, and to say that the UN has *decided* that Zionism is *such and such* is probably to exaggerate the seriousness of the process. But it is serious enough; most of the European and many "Third World" countries refused to go along. Though the UN is today a caricature of what it should be, it still represents, however inadequately, an important principle: that no race or people can legitimately rule another; that all nations have equal rights. Now that principle is being deliberately repudiated—and with it the moral foundations of the United Nations itself.

Michael Walzer

House Mail

You'd think it was the North Pole about five shopping days before Christmas. From all over the US and around the world the letters pour in like there's no tomorrow, with each and every writer expecting compensation for his labors. An army of eager helpers, working day and night, strives to keep the customer satisfied. Only it's not Santa's workshop, it's any of the three House office buildings in Washington. The holiday season lasts 12 months a year for the dedicated elves (or aides, as they're sometimes called) who fight an uphill battle against constituent mail; and votes and special favors comprise the quid pro quo instead of electric trains and promises of good behavior.

Time was when writing your congressman was seen as something loftier than ordering from the Sears catalog. It constituted an act of faith in democracy and gave the public a sense of participation in government. But while concerned citizens still write to express their views, or just vent their spleen, just as often all they want is a travel brochure, a special tour of the White House or the FBI building, or a job. People ask for help in getting Social Security checks and veteran's benefits. Some write for souvenir photos of their congressman, others want flags flown over the Capitol building in memory of loved ones. And they never stop. There's no energy crisis where these people are concerned; the House's mail volume has increased nearly 150 percent in five years and reached almost 26 million letters in 1974. Not surprisingly, this deluge is driving congressional aides up the wall, with many of them starting to feel slightly (but only slightly) sheepish about taking in up to $36,000 a year for sending off autographed pictures of their boss to current events-minded grade schoolers back in the district.

The situation is crazy—just talk to anyone who handles the mail. Walk around the Hill asking questions about letter writing and you get two reactions—snarls and giggles. Which is more than you'll get from most congressmen. Rather than plod through case work or deal with constituents whose command of the language rivals Casey Stengel's, legislators have fecklessly abandoned the task of answering mail to an army of jaded professional staffers, wide-eyed summer interns, and a battery of exotic office machines that crank out "individualized" form letters and forge signatures the way McDonald's cooks hamburgers.

Though aides seem satisfied with the way mail is processed, most agree that the voters would be outraged to learn that those earnest but polite responses they get are drafted by college students fresh out of Government 101 and signed by an automatic pen. Not that there's any other way to do it. Congressional offices are hip deep in mail as it is, and the House's (in)efficiency isn't helped by the fact that well over half the man (person) hours logged in on the Hill are spent answering constituent mail.

Nearly everyone in Congress thinks mail is a tremendous pain in the neck. As one veteran administrative assistant put it, "Constituent mail is boring and much of it simply reactionary from the left or right—mostly right." But it's all answered. For one thing, no one wants to antagonize the electorate; for another, your typical US congressman is a shameless publicity hound, and every time his name reaches a constituent counts as a welcome bit of free PR. Moreover, according to the general wisdom in Washington, the representative who waits hand and foot on his district for two terms is rewarded with a safe seat.

Generally accommodation is the name of the game of answering constituent mail. Replies are not evasive so much as artfully bland. This is especially galling for the irate writer. For all the verbal scorn, indignation and abuse he crams into his letter, he'll never get the congressman's goat. It's like rallying with Bobby Riggs on a clay court; no matter how hard you hit it, all you get back is some junk and a smile. Anyone seeking a genuine dialogue with his elected representative might as well try to get an audience with the Pope. Platitudes abound. Substance drowns in cliché. No matter how adulatory, hostile, soothing, inflammatory, reasonable or psychotic a writer might be, he invariably gets a response with all the zing of a recorded message from the phone company. The House, for all its flaws our most accessible institution, has grown as remote as any other branch of the federal leviathan. In fact, even a tame imagination can easily picture a congressional office's response to a threat on the President's life: "Dear Ms. Moore, Thank you for your recent letter. . . . I wish you the best in your effort to 'test the system.'"

Alan Tonelson

Mr. Tonelson is a New York writer on politics.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

White House Watch

Report on Rocky

This account of how Nelson Rockefeller views himself, his job, his prospects and his relationship with President Ford at the end of his 11th month in the vice presidency is derived from his public statements, from talks with Rockefeller people, and from impressions gathered during a political trip with him on October 23 and 24 to Indianapolis, Decatur, Illinois and Milwaukee.

My report in April 1974 that Vice President Gerald Ford was already thinking in explicit detail about what he'd do when and if he succeeded Richard Nixon raised a storm from commentators and others who assumed that the information came from Mr. Ford and thought it wrong for a Vice President to be talking that way. Vice President Rockefeller isn't making that mistake. The Rockefeller story is that he never thinks about succeeding to the presidency and what he'd do if he succeeded Mr. Ford. There are several stated reasons for this alleged and to me unbelievable neglect of any Vice President's plain duty and obligation to be prepared for that eventuality. One of the stated reasons is that the Vice President is convinced that nothing is going to happen to Mr. Ford that would place Nelson Rockefeller in the presidency. Another reason is said to be that the Vice President finds his job immensely satisfying, a claim which if true makes him unique among recent holders of the office. The authoritative retort to that observation is that the Vice President thinks that his vice presidency *is* unique. For one thing, he is the first Vice President appointed to the office under the 25th amendment by the first President who succeeded to the presidency under that amendment. For another thing, Nelson Rockefeller will be the first and presumably the only Vice President to hold the office in the nation's bicentennial year.

When the suspicion is voiced that Rockefeller welcomed the appointment to the vice presidency and continues to value it principally because it is his only conceivable way to the presidency, after three unsuccessful runs for the Republican nomination in 1960, 1964 and 1968, the followng reply is heard. That is simply not true. He welcomed the appointment and values the office now for several reasons that are sufficient in themselves. At his stage in life—he was 67 last July and will be 68 when the Republican candidates for President and Vice President are nominated next year—he is pleased and lucky to be where the action is. If he weren't Vice President, it's said with an audible sniff, he'd be conducting studies (which is what he was doing, with his Commission on Critical Choices, between his resignation from the New York governorship in December 1973 and his accession to the vice presidency in December 1974). He's the chairman of five presidential commissions, any one of which he'd be honored to head. He's the chosen partner—a junior partner, granted, but still the partner—of a President whom he professes to admire and genuinely seems to admire. He assumes and hopes that the presidential nominee will be Gerald Ford.

A question that comes up at every Rockefeller press conference and in every interview and conversation with journalists is whether he either expects or has been promised that he'll be Mr. Ford's choice for the vice presidential nomination next year. His invariable answer is that Mr. Ford should and will defer that choice until after he is nominated for election to the presidency. Rockefeller appears to be wholly sincere when he says this. But there is an element of cold and protective calculation in his stated view. He wants to be in a position to withdraw on his own initiative from consideration for the vice presidential nomination rather than appear to have been discarded by Mr. Ford or to face rejection by the Republican convention. Pride and self-protection aside, he is also prepared to withdraw if he becomes convinced, as he definitely is not convinced now, that conservative Republican opposition or any other factor would make him a liability rather than an asset to the nominee for the presidency.

The Vice President told a television interviewer in Milwaukee that he thinks Ronald Reagan's support and strength are greatly exaggerated and that, in any case, he isn't concerned about the outcome of a race for preference between President Ford and Reagan in next year's New Hampshire primary. He said he isn't concerned because he doesn't think that primary, the year's first, is as significant as most commentators and politicians think it is. He explained that he bases this view upon his experience in 1964 when Henry Cabot Lodge, then ambassador to South Vietnam, led both Rockefeller and Sen. Barry Goldwater in the New Hampshire primary and got nowhere at all after that. Behind this stated view, however, there is real apprehension that Mr. Ford will lose to Reagan in the primary. Rockefeller's purpose in saying what he did in Milwaukee and will be saying elsewhere is to minimize any harm that may be done to President Ford not only in the New Hampshire primary but in any or all of the 36 others to be held in 1976. Rockefeller considers all of them to be insignificant nuisances that ought not to have the effect they surely will have upon the Republican convention and its choices.

The Vice President's professed and seemingly genuine admiration for President Ford does not extend to a large portion of the President's White House staff and to the management of Mr. Ford's campaign instrument, the President Ford Committee. Excepting Henry Kissinger's NSC staff and the Domestic Council staff, which is headed and dominated by Rockefeller people, the Vice President considers that the President is largely and badly served by a bunch of amateurs and upstarts who are short on experience in national affairs

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and long on interest in themselves. When the chairman of the President Ford Committee, former Congressman and Secretary of the Army Howard ("Bo") Callaway, said at the start of the committee's work that conservative Republican opposition to Rockefeller made him a liability and that the committee was solely concerned with the candidacy of Gerald Ford, the Vice President told the President that he wasn't worried and that Mr. Ford shouldn't be worried by Callaway's remarks. Whether or not that was wholly and literally true, what undoubtedly did worry and vex the Vice President were news leaks from the White House staff to the effect that the President was sending a message to Rockefeller through Callaway, the message being to be prepared for Mr. Ford's choice of somebody else for the vice presidential nomination next year.

Rockefeller first assumed that the leaks were coming from Press Secretary Ronald Nessen's staff. When he said as much to Nessen, Nessen denied it and convinced Rockefeller that the leaks were coming from somewhere else. Rockefeller has the impression that Nessen was pleased and flattered by being approached directly by the Vice President and given a chance to refute the suspicion. Rockefeller then went to the President's staff chief, Donald Rumsfeld, and asked him point-blank whether he had put Callaway up to his derogatory remarks and had been telling journalists that Callaway was saying what the President wanted him to say. Rumsfeld swore that he had nothing to do with Callaway's remarks and with the news leaks and was not, as some of the gossip alleged, trying to sew up the vice presidential nomination for himself. Rockefeller said rather coldly that he had no choice but to take Rumsfeld's denials and assurances at face value and would let the matter drop. He didn't, quite. He did not complain to the President. But he told the President about his conversations with Nessen and Rumsfeld. Very soon afterward, Rumsfeld told Callaway to knock it off and Callaway has not renewed his derogation of the Vice President.

Rumsfeld, who hoped in 1974 that he would be Mr. Ford's choice for appointment to the vice presidency, professes to hold Nelson Rockefeller in the highest esteem and to have no designs upon the 1976 nomination. Rockefeller and his principal assistants are aware that Rumsfeld and his deputy, Richard Cheney, are actually running the President's pre-nomination campaign and that Callaway gets most of his orders from them. The Vice President and his people have not been heard accusing Rumsfeld directly of using his position to do Rockefeller in. But I have yet to hear any expression of admiration and affection for Donald Rumsfeld in Nelson Rockefeller's vicinity. I suspect that some of the recent attacks upon the President's staff chief, in print and on the air, originated or were at least encouraged in that vicinity. The most authoritative account, however, is to the contrary. The Vice President's view is said to be that the reports of Rumsfeld chicanery, Callaway's recently stilled criticisms, and the like are no skin off Nelson Rockefeller's back. They bother him only because they give an impression of disorder in the President's shop.

John Osborne

Republican Legitimacy

No King for the New Spain

by Juan Marichal

Over a century ago on December 29, 1874 the monarchy was brought back to Spain by a general's brief proclamation at the headquarters of a provincial brigade. It was not a conventional military coup d'état: the First Spanish Republic (established on February 11, 1873) had already been ended by the Madrid garrison. But it did show the army's impatience with and fear of the careful calculations of Cánovas, the Conservative theorist of the Restoration and its first prime minister: Cánovas was able to implement his ideas with a young king who called himself both a Catholic and a liberal ("being a man of my century"). Cánovas' crafty pragmatism reached its peak when, 11 years later, while King Alphonse XII was dying at El Pardo palace,

Juan Marichal, professor of Spanish literature and history at Harvard, is the author of *The New Spanish Political Thought* and the editor of the *Complete Works* of Manuel Azaña, the last President of the Second Republic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he obtained from the Liberal party an assurance of its loyalty to the crown. There is no doubt that Cánovas' shadow haunted the corridors of El Pardo last week. But does this Spanish fall truly resemble the turning-points that produced the earlier republics?

Ortega y Gasset, the great Spanish philosopher and political thinker, said often that history never repeats itself, though it seems that Spanish history appears frequently to be repeating itself. There is, today, as in 1874, a young king ready to be a fusionist agent and symbol. And I am certain that, such as in 1885, the two opposed wings of the Franco regime—the party of "aperture" and the "bunker" party (the "die-hards")—have joined in a new "El Pardo Compact." On the other hand there is a striking dissimilarity between 1975 and 1874: the army has refrained from making reckless gestures. And the contrast with the role of the Catholic Church in 1885 is even more striking: Alphonse XII was given his last communion by the highest ranking prelate, but the present head of the Spanish hierarchy, Cardinal Tarancón (known also as the "Red bishop") has paid only an indispensable protocol visit to El Pardo palace. Cánovas' ghost has not been dispelled however, and it could have unfortunate consequences for Spain.

At present there may be no alternative to monarchy as a transition short of a generally unwanted civil war, and I am certain that a vast majority of Spaniards see the restoration of the monarchy only as an unavoidable tactical expedient. That is why I consider rather naive the position taken by the so-called Democratic Junta (a Communist artifact) declaring in Paris its readiness to become an instrument for the re-establishment in Spain of true constitutional legality. Of course Spaniards do know that the Bourbon family cannot claim the Spanish crown as a legitimate inheritance: the elections of April, 1931, changed Spain into a republic—that Second Republic for which several hundred thousands of Spaniards and men from other countries gave their lives, first in Spain itself during the Civil War (1936-1939) and later in all the battlefields of Europe in World War II. That is why Republicans are a key to the future of Spain: they do represent a moral legacy that cannot be dismissed as chimerical. When the First Spanish Republic was proclaimed in 1873, Castelar, one of its leaders, jokingly referred to "a Republic without Republicans." Today precisely the opposite can be stated: there are millions of Republican Spaniards without a republic, waiting for the only "restoration" that can have more than a semblance of constitutional legality: the establishment of a Third Republic.

Those Republican Spaniards know also that Spain has changed considerably in the last 25 years, and that there is today a large middle class, mostly people in their 40s who do not see themselves represented in the existing parties or the organizations of the opposition. All of these are dominated by the Communists or Socialists—that is, by those groups that have been able to meet the challenges of clandestine activity. But the new Spanish middle class is neither pro-Socialist nor pro-Communist: it simply wants a Republican republic. Let us keep in mind that in the last free elections of Spain, in February, 1936, the real victors were middle-class Republican parties such as President Azaña's Izquierda Republicana (a centrist party in spite of its

Therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

designation). It is true that this preponderance of the "center" in Spain today is the basis of the most ambitious and intelligent of several would-be Cánovas of these days: Fraga, the former information minister and until recently the ambassador in London. Almost surely Fraga will work hard to make of the monarchy a middle-of-the-road, centrist symbol. But in the end this will be an impossible task: if the Spaniards are given, as the Greeks were, the option to choose between an imposed monarchy and a republic they will choose the latter. After all the 1931 constitution of the Second Republic is an adequate instrument for some of the most pressing Spanish problems: regional autonomy as an instance. It is pertinent to point out here that the principal obstacle found in that constitution by large numbers of Catholic Spaniards was the article establishing the separation of church and state, but of course today this is a goal of the new leadership of the Catholic hierarchy.

A singular fact of the Franco regime has generally been overlooked: the secondary political role played by the armed forces. Never before in the last three centuries of Spanish history has the army been so efficiently dominated and gratuitously humiliated by its top commander. And it should not be forgotten that a sizable number of military officers, including a dozen generals, remained loyal to the republic at the outbreak of the civil war in July, 1936. With these memories and these resentments, it would not be surprising were the century-old "Republican Military Union" to be revived.

I venture to predict that the Spanish people will reject as soon as is feasible the phantasmagoria now waiting to be installed at the Madrid National Palace. There are, evidently, several powerful men who are seeing themselves as the would-be Cánovas of today. But thousands—perhaps millions—of young Spaniards see the monarchical restoration only as another anachronistic consequence of the Franco dictatorial era. They feel themselves to be full-fledged Europeans, and they know that today in Spain "republic" and "Europe" are synonymous. "Spain is the problem, Europe is the solution," said Ortega in 1910. European Spain can only be a republic.

It would be tragic indeed if the leaders of the American government cannot see the monarchy as what it will become—a transitional dissolution of the Franco regime. This country, this republic, where the first Spanish Republicans found a refuge and a model in the 1790s, would contribute considerably to the peace of Europe if it did not forget that the Third Spanish Republic will not be long in coming. Let us hope that in the Madrid of the near future, when the Republican tricolor flag for which so many Americans gave their lives flies again, that the American republic will be seen by the Spanish people as a true ally. The new Spain offers the US an occasion to be on the side of freedom.

"Activists" at the CIA

The Cult of Incompetence

by Morton H. Halperin

The inquiry of the House Intelligence Committee into intelligence "failures" has now been sidetracked into a debate about whether junior officials can be asked about advice which they gave to their superiors. Before that the committee's activity had exposed two myths that have bedeviled recent discussions of the problem of controlling the intelligence community. The first myth is that the CIA, whatever illegal acts it may have committed, does an excellent job of providing intelligence analyses to the President and his principal advisers. The second myth is that Congress is now prepared to stand up to the President and to assert its rights as a coequal branch of government.

This second issue received most of the headlines as the Pike Committee went to the brink of confrontation with President Ford and it is discussed here first. But in the long run the question of how well the CIA performs its intelligence function is no less important.

Rep. Pike began his long-delayed investigation of the intelligence community with his eye fixed on the subject of Congress' right to information. As a member

Morton H. Halperin directs the Project on National Security and Civil Liberties jointly sponsored by the American Civil Liberties Union Foundation and the Center for National Security Studies.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Armed Services Committee, he had become familiar with the executive branch's manipulation of information to influence the actions of congressional committees. Pike asserted that the committee would demand the information it needed. If it was not supplied, the committee would subpoena it. Faced with this strong stand, the Executive seemed to back away. With or without subpoenas the committee got the information it wanted for its inquiry into the intelligence community's budget process.

It was when the committee turned to the failures of the intelligence community and sought documents on the Yom Kippur war, the Tet offensive, the Cyprus crisis and the coup in Portugal that the trouble began. The difficulty originally arose not over the issue of the committee's right to information but over its right to make the information public. Inevitably the two questions became intertwined.

With the threat of a subpoena the committee got the documents it wanted on the Middle East war. They showed clearly that the intelligence community had not predicted the war despite very strong signals that hostilities were imminent. Pike, who recognized that secret hearings, followed by a sanitized report, would do little to educate the public to the need to alter the procedures by which intelligence is produced, was determined to hold public hearings. The hearings could not be effective unless the key documents were made public.

The committee began a process of negotiation with representatives of the intelligence community; compromises were reached and it appeared that the committee would get out enough information to hold instructive hearings. Once more the ultimate question of whether Congress had the right to release information classified by the executive branch would be postponed. But the negotiations came apart on four little words: "and greater communications security."

The intelligence experts wanted their words kept secret because they revealed that the National Security Agency could determine when the Egyptian government increased its communications security precautions. Pike and his colleagues were not convinced. They knew that NSA traditionally objects to making anything public about its activities and they reasoned that no intelligence analyst in Cairo, Moscow or elsewhere would be surprised to learn that NSA with all its sensitive equipment could determine when the Egyptian government took steps to protect its communications. This Egyptian action was the clearest evidence available to the US government that something was afoot. It was important if not absolutely critical to making the public case that the intelligence community had ignored clear signals in failing to predict the outbreak of war in the Middle East.

Faced with an impasse the committee crossed the Rubicon, but then forced to choose protracted struggle over principle with the President and surrender, the committee chose to yield. The sequence of events became so tangled that the committee surrender was reported by the *The Washington Post* under the heading: "Colby Yields."

The battle was joined when the committee refused to yield to the intelligence community and made public the report on the Middle East war with the four words still in it. The President reacted like a man who had had one of his chief prerogatives and sources of power taken away. He attacked the committee for an action which, he said, if taken by a private citizen would be a crime, and he dispatched an assistant attorney general to the Hill to tell the committee that it had acted improperly. The committee was told that the President wanted the committee to return all classified documents in its possession until it agreed not to release any information without his permission.

The committee refused to return the documents already made available, it subpoenaed additional documents, and began the process of asking the House to hold William Colby in contempt for refusing to turn over properly requested documents clearly germane to the committee's inquiry. Negotiations then began both about deletions in the requested documents and the right of the committee to make documents public. There was considerable confusion and some suggestion that Pike had been warned that the committee might well not be supported on the House floor if he took the issue there.

The "compromise" that was finally announced marked a total capitulation by the committee on both issues of principle. Documents were to be supplied with deletions that would be explained to the committee. This violated Colby's frequent assertion that he would supply any information requested by a duly authorized committee and the long held position of the executive branch that classification was never a bar to providing information to Congress.

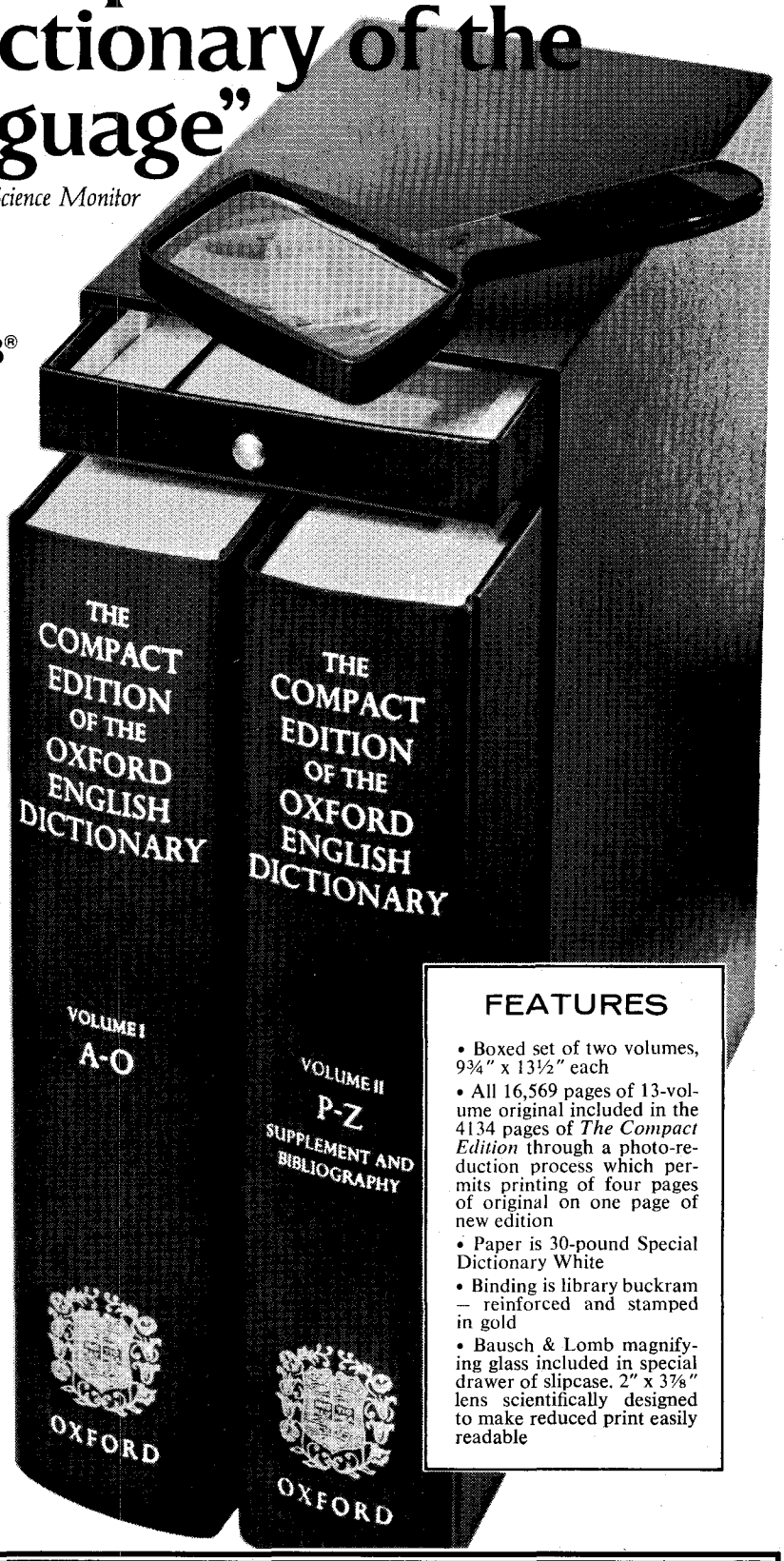
Accepting documents with deletions might have made sense if the committee was thereby able to maintain the long standing rule of the House that the House itself (or its committees, when so authorized) was free to make public any information no matter how it had been obtained. On this principle the committee also yielded. If there was a disagreement between an intelligence organization and the committee about what should be made public the matter would be referred to the President who would make the final decision. There the matter stands. The committee may have what the Executive chooses to give it and it may make public what the President authorizes it to release.

While avoiding any such surrender in principle the Senate Intelligence Committee has arrived at the same result. It too permits deletions and it has yet to make any documents public without the permission of the agency from which it received them. The sole exception appears to be materials on assassinations. There the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The most complete and most scholarly dictionary of the English language"

—The Christian Science Monitor


THE COMPACT EDITION OF THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY
VOLUME I A-O
OXFORD
THE COMPACT EDITION OF THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY
VOLUME II P-Z SUPPLEMENT AND BIBLIOGRAPHY
OXFORD

As an introduction to membership in the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

yours for only $17.50

[Publisher's list price: $90]

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at substantial savings on most books you choose

THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY is generally regarded as the final arbiter of the English language. Until recently, it had been available only as a thirteen-volume set, currently priced at $350. Now, through the combination of an ingenious method of micrographic reproduction and a fine Bausch & Lomb optical lens, every single one of its 16,569 pages, fifty million words and close to two million illustrative quotations appears, in easily readable form, in *The Compact Edition.*

> The *New York Times* book critic Christopher Lehmann-Haupt has said of this edition: "It is something of a miracle. . . . *The Compact Edition* is easier to work with than the original with its 13 separate volumes."

Even more extraordinary, as a trial member of the Book-of-the-Month Club you may obtain the two-volume set for only $17.50. And as long as you remain a member, you will receive the Book-of-the-Month Club *News,* a literary magazine announcing the coming Selection and describing other important books, most of which are available at substantial discounts – up to **40%** on more expensive volumes. All of these books **are identical to the publishers' editions in content, format, size and quality.**

If you continue after your trial membership, you will earn at least one Book-Dividend® Credit for every Selection or Alternate you buy. These Credits entitle you to obtain a wide variety of books, called Book-Dividends, at astonishing savings – *at least 70% of publishers' list prices.*

FACTS ABOUT MEMBERSHIP

- You will receive the Book-of-the-Month Club *News,* a literary magazine published by the Club fifteen times a year. The *News* describes the coming Selection and scores of Alternates, and will be sent to you approximately every three and a half weeks.
- If you wish to purchase the Selection, do nothing and it will be shipped to you automatically.
- If you do not want the Selection — or you would like one of the Alternates, or no book at all — simply indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed with the *News* and mail it so we receive it by the date specified.
- If, because of late mail delivery of the *News,* you should receive a Selection without having had 10 days to decide whether you want it, that Selection may be returned at Club expense.

FEATURES

- Boxed set of two volumes, 9¾" x 13½" each
- All 16,569 pages of 13-volume original included in the 4134 pages of *The Compact Edition* through a photo-reduction process which permits printing of four pages of original on one page of new edition
- Paper is 30-pound Special Dictionary White
- Binding is library buckram — reinforced and stamped in gold
- Bausch & Lomb magnifying glass included in special drawer of slipcase. 2" x 3⅞" lens scientifically designed to make reduced print easily readable

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania, 17012

5-A127-11-1

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me *The Compact Edition of the Oxford English Dictionary,* billing me $17.50 (in Canada $19 – publisher's price $99). I agree to buy at least four Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member, paying in most cases special members' prices. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy these four books. A shipping charge is added to all shipments.

MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
(Please print plainly)

Address 53

City .....

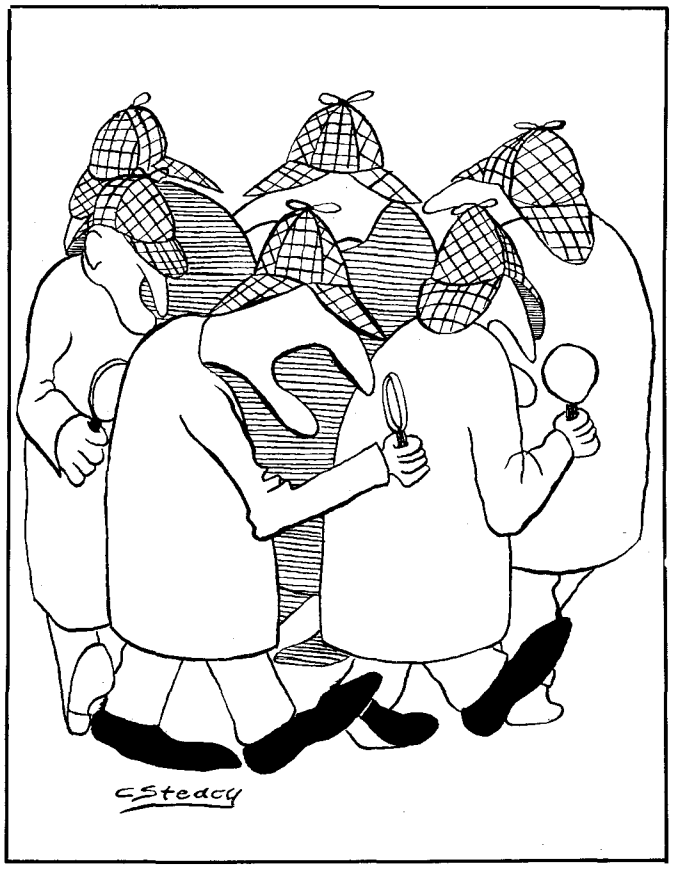
State ..... *Zip* .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

President has tossed a hot political issue to the committee by authorizing it to make public whatever information it believes necessary. There are hints from around the Church Committee that when it comes to writing its final report it will make public what it thinks necessary regardless of the views of the administration, but that is the same kind of tough talk one heard from the Pike Committee before the pressure was put on.

All of this controversy over access and release deflected attention from Rep. Pike's concern with why the intelligence community never seems able to predict a crisis. To understand this issue and its importance to reform of the CIA one must recall the origins of the agency in the early period just after World War II. President Truman's primary objective in setting up a central intelligence organization was to avoid having to rely on the multiple self-serving estimates he was receiving from the military services and the State Department. Each of these groups had budgets and programs to protect and promote and their estimates reflected those parochial interest. Truman's idea was to create an agency without policy responsibility that would provide him with coordinated estimates not designed to justify any particular programs.

Congress' willingness to go along with the creation of the CIA, despite the fears that it was creating a "gestapo," stemmed from the desire to avoid another Pearl Harbor. As the Congress well understood, the Pearl Harbor problem was not the failure to gather intelligence. The military services had done a brilliant job in breaking the Japanese codes. Rather the problem was pulling together all the extant information, drawing the appropriate conclusions from the data, and bringing them forcefully to the attention of senior officials. As Roberta Wohlstetter has shown in her brilliant book, *Pearl Harbor: Warning and Decision*, this can be an exceedingly difficult task. It takes individuals trained in analysis and ready to stand against strongly-held biases of policy makers.



Despite the intentions of Truman and the Congress the focus of the CIA's activities right from the start was very different. The agency was dominated by activists from the OSS. They were interested in doing things, in saving Italy from communism, in overthrowing Communist regimes in China and Albania, in setting up a spy network in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. From the beginning to the present the veterans of the action side of the OSS have dominated the agency. Every career official who has risen to be director of Central Intelligence—Allen Dulles, Richard Helms, William Colby—has been from the operational side of the agency with roots in the OSS. James Schlesinger's tour of several months is the only time the agency has been headed by an analyst. The deputy directors of the agency have been activists or military officers. No career analyst has risen even that high.

As a result the energy of the agency has been devoted to designing, defending and running its operations. Far from being the neutral analyst that Truman sought, in many areas the agency's position has been influenced at least at the top by the programs it had to defend. At the same time the director of Central Intelligence has never been a man who by training and inclination would focus his energies on the function that Congress sought—careful evaluation of the evidence and sifting it for important conclusions that then must be pressed on reluctant policy makers.

This does not mean that the CIA has not performed at all well in its two primary functions. To take just one issue: without the analytic intelligence capability of the CIA and without its absence of bias in favor of one or another weapons system, there would not have been any progress at all in SALT. The agency's work in that area (with which I am personally familiar) stands as an example of what the CIA can do and what it should be doing. In other areas as well it has served the nation by producing objective analyses. It may well be, as Mr. Colby keeps telling us, the finest intelligence service in the world and it cannot, as the director of Central Intelligence has been explaining, use a crystal ball.

Nevertheless it can and should do much better in fighting the parochialisms of the other bureaucracies and the biases of senior officials. It will be able to do that only if it is divested of its program and action responsibilities and put under the direction of men and women of intellectual distinction and honesty who will be prepared to sit in Langley, Virginia and produce the intelligence product that Congress thought it was buying almost 30 years ago.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Persistent Past

Passing the Buck to Demons

by Richard Critchfield

Cairo

I have been living for five years in a dozen Afro-Asian villages from the Philippines to Morocco, observing the impact of overpopulation on a group of poor people. There is a great universality about these villagers, far stronger than geographical, cultural and racial distinctions might suggest. To most of them the world ends 20 miles away and for some it is still flat. Few have any conception of the world, let alone any notions of the magnitude of four billion people like themselves who populate it or the eight billion we could be 35 years from now. To most villagers the idea of a "population crisis" is wildly illogical. To their personal gods everything matters, from the budding of a leaf to the falling of a bird to their own individual lives.

Since these gods are good, evil is explained by demons and black magic. To live among such people, even temporarily, is to suspend one's disbelief in the supernatural.

Nowhere is superstition stronger than in the Muslim Middle East and, in particular, rural Egypt. Shahhat, an Egyptian *fellah* whose family I have been living with much of this year, has been hit by the effects of overpopulation as much as any villager. Until seven years ago, Shahhat was relatively content; he was poor, subsisting on a diet of bread, milk and vegetables cultivated with the same plow, waterwheel, threshing sledge, winnowing fork, sickle and hoe that have been used in the Nile Valley for at least 6000 years. Every August the Nile flooded its banks, depositing a fresh fertile level of silt. Shahhat and his neighbors had little to do but sow wheat, barley and lentils—the age-old food of Egypt—in November and harvest it in April.

In 1967 the Aswan Dam made it possible to close the Nile Valley permanently with dikes, irrigate it with diesel pumps and grow a variety of new crops three times a year. The same year the government redistributed feudal lands, and Shahhat got two acres; but the government kept this land under its control telling the *fellahin* what and when to plant, providing credit for seeds, fertilizer, water and labor and buying back part of the harvests at a low price.

Village incomes soared, Shahhat's family's going from $201 to $1200 in one year. But farming grew enormously more complicated, bilharzia reached plague proportions in the new canals, and crop yields began to fall as the *fellahin* pumped too much water on their fields and the underground level began to rise. When it reached four feet below the surface, the water stifled roots and turned plants yellow. The high-technology American might know this could be cured by leaching and drainage; Shahhat turned to supernatural explanations.

Tired by the continuous field work and baffled, Shahhat began to drink at night and soon, riding home from the village tavern, he encountered "a black, horned demon with an ugly, cruel face laughing and turning somersaults." Another demon, in the guise of a whirlwind, one night seized him and carried him out to the desert to die. When a third appeared each night in his sleep, this time as a beautiful girl who demanded he marry her, Shahhat's frightened mother went to the village sorcerer. "Ah," said the old sheikh, "you should have called *Allahu Akhbar*, God is most Great! and held up some iron, for the genii have a great fear of that metal."

Always hot tempered, Shahhat got into many fights over the unfamiliar new pump irrigation, the need to load freight cars with newly introduced sugar cane and the ceaseless delays at the local agriculture office for seeds and fertilizer by petty officials seeking bribes. His mother found him so ill-tempered she returned to the sorcerer who burnt incense, read from the Koran and told her to look under a brick by her door; someone had left a written curse there. Sure enough, she found it and after she washed out the magic words, Shahhat was cured.

Again when a neighbor cast the Evil Eye at the family's buffalo and it stopped giving milk, Shahhat had to cut off a piece of the neighbor's tunic surreptitiously, burn it and get the man to urinate on the buffalo before it was all right again.

Such episodes occurred daily; babies died not from disease but because "Satan strangled them." Shahhat felt lust for a certain widow at night, his chest burning and pricking, because she had made a magic amulet from the sulphur of matches and thorns. When village children started dropping dead left and right from a sudden plague of scorpions, which no longer drown in the Nile floods each year, a sorcerer gave Shahhat magic power over all creepy, crawly things. At the risk of losing credibility, I saw him one night extend his hand to a lizard, which leapt 20 feet or more across the ground into his palm, as he whispered, "*Allahu Akhbar.*"

Richard Critchfield, author of *The Golden Bowl Be Broken*, is a free-lance writer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When I exclaimed with astonishment, Shahhat, embarrassed, said I should not have seen it as the power was secret. Nonetheless he let live scorpions crawl about his arms, to show they would not sting him.

Curiously while most village Egyptians are deeply Islamic and only genii are sanctioned by the Koran, their superstitions are often Pharaonic or early Christian. Barren women will drink water from ancient sacred wells within the ruined temples of Seti I or Ramses II. And a Coptic Christian priest's magic written charm is often considered most powerful, especially in working harm on an enemy.

Shahhat, although he fatalistically accepts that each man's life is already "written," deeply grieves the passing of the ancient Pharaonic methods of cultivation and the harmony, if poverty, that went with it. One evening, as we sat on the 1000-foot ridge over the Nile Valley and watched the river vapors, white as ghosts, come swirling around the fields, villages and temples, he wept, afterward explaining that a way of life was passing that would not come again. Egyptians believe that birds and animals have their own language, and when the jackals out in the desert began howling their hideous, derisive cry, Shahhat hurried down the cliffs toward home, angrily saying they were taunting him, calling, "See, what will happen, Shahhat, what will happen to you?"

In black Africa the witch doctors, who have always been the intermediaries between the villagers and He Who Lives In The Sky, more directly confront and resist modernization. In Neetil village, a collection of grass huts in the forbidding Nuba Mountains of southwestern Sudan where I lived for two months, the old witch doctor, Koreng, a pitch black man of extreme age who went about half-naked with a spear and a dozen silver earrings and necklaces jangling, told me, "Five years ago we used to go down to the river places at night. There we made our sacrifices of goats and chickens. The spirit spoke to us and we followed its ways. Whether the people were ill, or going to die, or some evil was going to come to them, I cured them.

"Now the harvests are poor and the land is not fertile and the rains are few. Five years ago our people became Muslims. They are leaving the ways of their ancestors. Because of schools and the mosque. In my dreams, the spirit speaks of famine, drought and disease. The people will be punished."

Since the Nuba Mountains lie just south of the drought-stricken African Sahel, a victim of what could be permanent climatic change, the old witch doctor's prophecy could come true.

As elsewhere in Africa, change has come with terrifying speed. Up until 10 years ago, when mass conversions to Islam began, the Nuba's 99 tribes went stark naked, subsisting on hunting, collecting roots and berries and a primitive slash-and-burn agriculture to produce one sorghum crop each year. This is consumed three times a day with goats' milk as hot mush, the most unappetizing diet of any village I visited. The Nubas, however, are extraordinarily tall, muscular and strong.

Until a generation ago money was virtually unknown, a man could have as many wives as he could handle (each cultivating her own sorghum field to feed herself and her children), status came from the numbers of sheep and goats a man owned, and when things got dull the tribe could raid a neighboring one for cattle and women. Only in recent years has the Sudanese government in Khartoum, prodded by the fact only one of 31 million areas of cultivable land in the Nuba Mountains has ever been farmed, sought to end the old isolation. Neetil village now has a school, mosque and dispensary; the teachers, medical aides and a Muslim missionary trained in Cairo are united in a fight to break the witch doctor's hold on the villagers, especially the children. But the old tribal religion is strong and its survival might not be such a bad thing as fear of impotency or an early death has made murder, adultery and theft almost unknown. Rape is the commonest crime because the obligatory bridal payment to a girl's father of a large herd of cows and goats is too expensive for most young men, and a pregnancy can bring down the price (or result in a two-year jail sentence if the girl's parents press charges).

As long as the old beliefs survive, life in the Nuba Mountains is infused with a kind of weird and wonderful supernatural charm. The landscape helps: reddish, boulder-strewn peaks rise 2000 to 3000 feet from a flat, dry yellow savannah plain like a graveyard of extinct volcanoes from a sea of grass. The local acacia trees run to white claw-like branches and needlesharp thorns and there is usually enough white, dusty mist to make things spooky even in the daytime.

Each year after a dry spell old Koreng, the chief witch doctor, climbs the highest nearby peak, plunges his spear into "solid rock," and appeals to He Who Lives In The Sky for rain. I was assured a thundershower always follows and the villagers get drunk on the locally brewed sorghum beer (like drinking cold buckwheat pancake batter) and dance all night. The tribal dance, always done on nights of the full moon, involves both males and females pumping their right knee up and down in frank simulation of the sex act. But outside of marriage and rape, the Nubas are not promiscuous; it is all see and no touch, rather like an American high school prom.

Slavery still persists, Nuba children sometimes being stolen by passing camel caravans of Arabs from the Sahara, who cut their tendons to prevent escape. Much more common today is the practice of tribal fathers indenturing six-or-seven-year-old sons to cattle-raising Arabs in return for the payment of one cow a year. Some Nuba men spend their lives like this, watering the cattle and grazing them on the savannah; the villagers said the Arabs had bewitched them but I guessed they had grown so used to the life they were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

afraid to try any other.

The Nubas also believe cattle thieves are half-man, half-hyena. We helped capture a notorious one, Kuku, a giant of a man several villagers fired at with their old single-shot rifles but whom "bullets cannot kill." After Kuku soon escaped from the district jail I kept expecting to meet him on one of our jaunts through the forest and wondering if it would be as a hyena or a man.

Many of the mountains were haunted; my favorite was Kurang, a sinister peak surrounded by a woods of great, gnarled *tebeldi* trees; here devils with bat-like wings lived in caves and were said to be forever swooping down at night to carry off some luckless victim who would never be seen again. More frightening were hordes of large baboons who lived in the mountains and came into the village to steal or kill goats and hens; they were said to rape women and kill men although I think this is unfair to the animals.

There was also a stretch of uninhabited forest where six girls had been attacked and raped by a hooded sex maniac, who bashed them on the heads, broke their jaws and left several nearly dead; this sort of crime was entirely new in the Nuba Mountains.

Magic took many forms. I saw seances to call back the dead, charms to protect one against a gun or a knife, herbs and roots to bring back fading virility and once I watched old Koreng put an empty hollow gourd on a sick man's bare stomach and after chanting some secret phrases, pull out roots, sticks and a live frog.

The Javanese are possibly the most cultured, artistic and mystical villagers anywhere. Although nominally Muslim, their beliefs are deeply influenced by medieval Hinduism and pagan animism; they also love theater and it is rare after dark not to hear the haunting bamboo sound of a *gamelan* orchestra drifting from a village drama or shadow play from some distant treeline. The shadow play, or *wajang kulit,* is the most pervasive village cultural influence, setting the standard of ethics, a strong respect for authority, a belief in ghosts and good and evil spirits that must be placated, and general attitudes toward life. Dozens of flat, brightly painted leather puppets, some grotesque, some regal, others comic, are seemingly brought to life when their shadows are viewed from the other side of a supernatural lamplit screen. The shadow play is very complex, a dream world peopled with gods, kings, priests, princesses, warriors, giants, buffoons and fantastic animals who all symbolize human passions; its peculiar values are deeply ingrained in the Japanese mentality and make Indonesian behavior different from other countries.

Although Java, together with Bangladesh and the Nile Valley, has the highest rural population density on earth, these values have made its villages highly resistant to agricultural change and population control. I spent a year with a Javanese peasant who was forced to pedal a *betjak* or pedicab in Jakarta because his father would not adopt new agricultural techniques that would have allowed him to feed 16 people instead of five. After some persuasion and bullying from Husen and I, his father in 1972 planted one crop of the new C-4 rice, investing in nitrogen fertilizer and chemical insecticide for the first time. He tripled his former rice yield, harvesting six tons.

But when I revisited the village two years later, the father was back to traditional methods, scattering only leaves on the fields and relying on fasting, prayers and magic charms to keep insects away; his crop fell back to the old two tons. A proud, traditional old man who had always worked hard, the father believed money should be borrowed or loaned without interest. He shared one-sixth of this meager harvest with even poorer neighbors who sowed and cut it. He would rather have died than mortgage his land for credit. Mutual aid in his village of Pilangsari, he told me, had always had a leveling effect; he did not like the way the new rice seeds made some rich and others poor or that the government wanted the villagers to spend on fertilizer and not on shadow plays.

To Husen's parents value had always been attached to hand-painted batiks, all-night shadow play performances, religious ceremonies and feasts and large numbers of children, all of which impoverish but give joy. They were, of course, very ignorant. At night when weird noises like "knick knack, knick knack" used to come from the blackness of their garden, the mother would ominously observe, "A ghost. In town a small baby has died every day this week. One can hear many ghosts of children calling in the night."

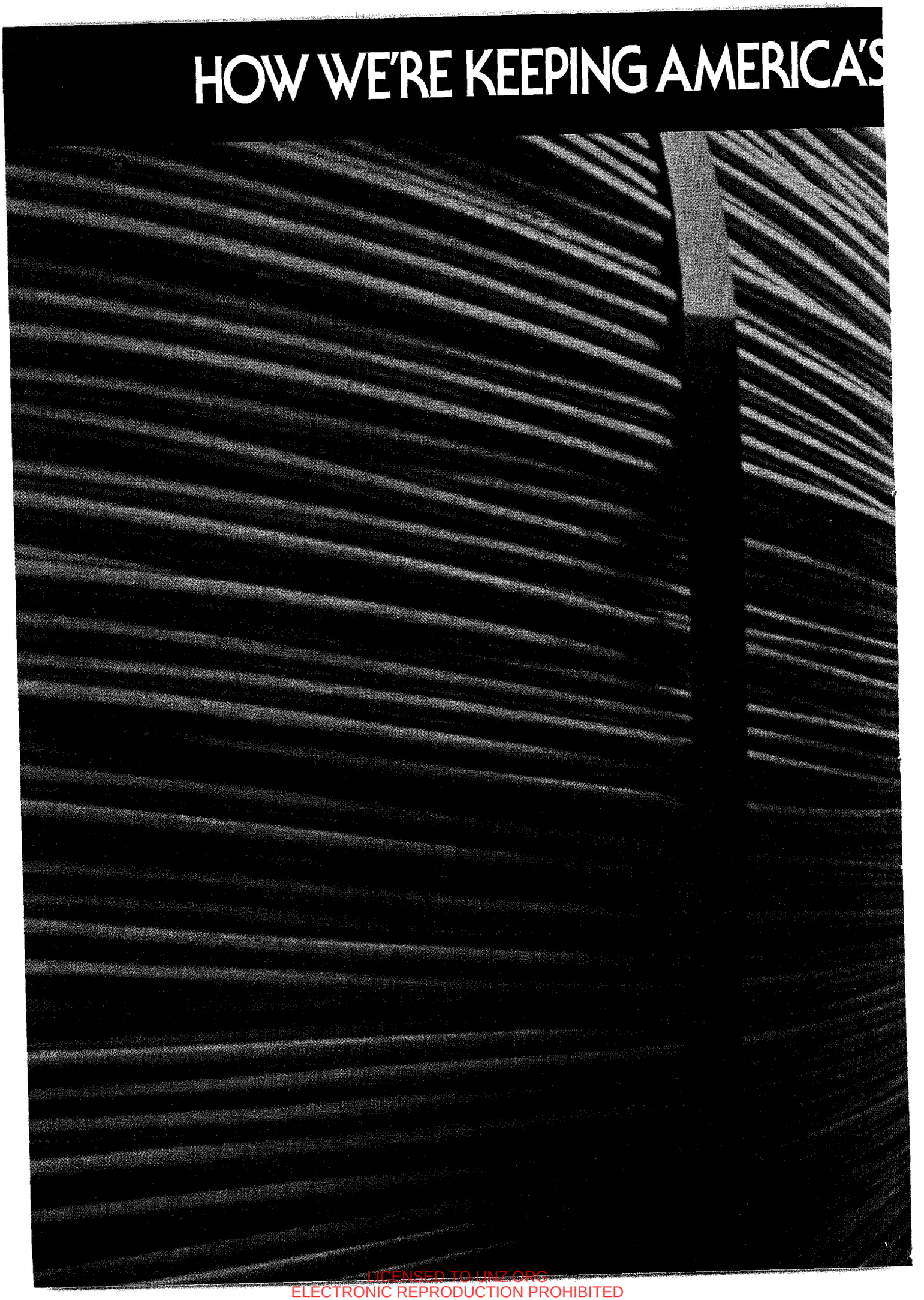
Husen himself avoided certain haunted trees after dark, and once when I was staying with Husen and his wife in the small bamboo hovel where they tried to make a home in one of Jakarta's worst slums and a rapist broke in and attempted to attack Karniti (I was ill with fever in the next cubicle and shouted when I heard her scream and he ran off), all the neighbors claimed it was a devil sent by Satan.

Sometimes even Husen was superstitious. He claims that late one night in Jakarta some years ago he picked up a beautiful girl in his *betjak.* After silently directing him from one dark street to the next, she suddenly vanished as they passed a graveyard. Husen's friend told him this was a *kuntil anak,* the ghost of a prostitute. And that if he had pulled out a hair from her head, he would have become rich. For years now, if a pretty girl becomes his passenger at night, Husen will carefully pull out one hair. If she screams, he will profusely apologize, "Oh, very, very, sorry, Miss. Your hair flying in the wind and it caught where my hand holds the *betjak.*" But he keeps trying hoping he will some day strike it lucky.

In some villages where the people are either more Westernized or materialistic, there is little belief in magic, ghosts and the supernatural. There certain wonder is missing.

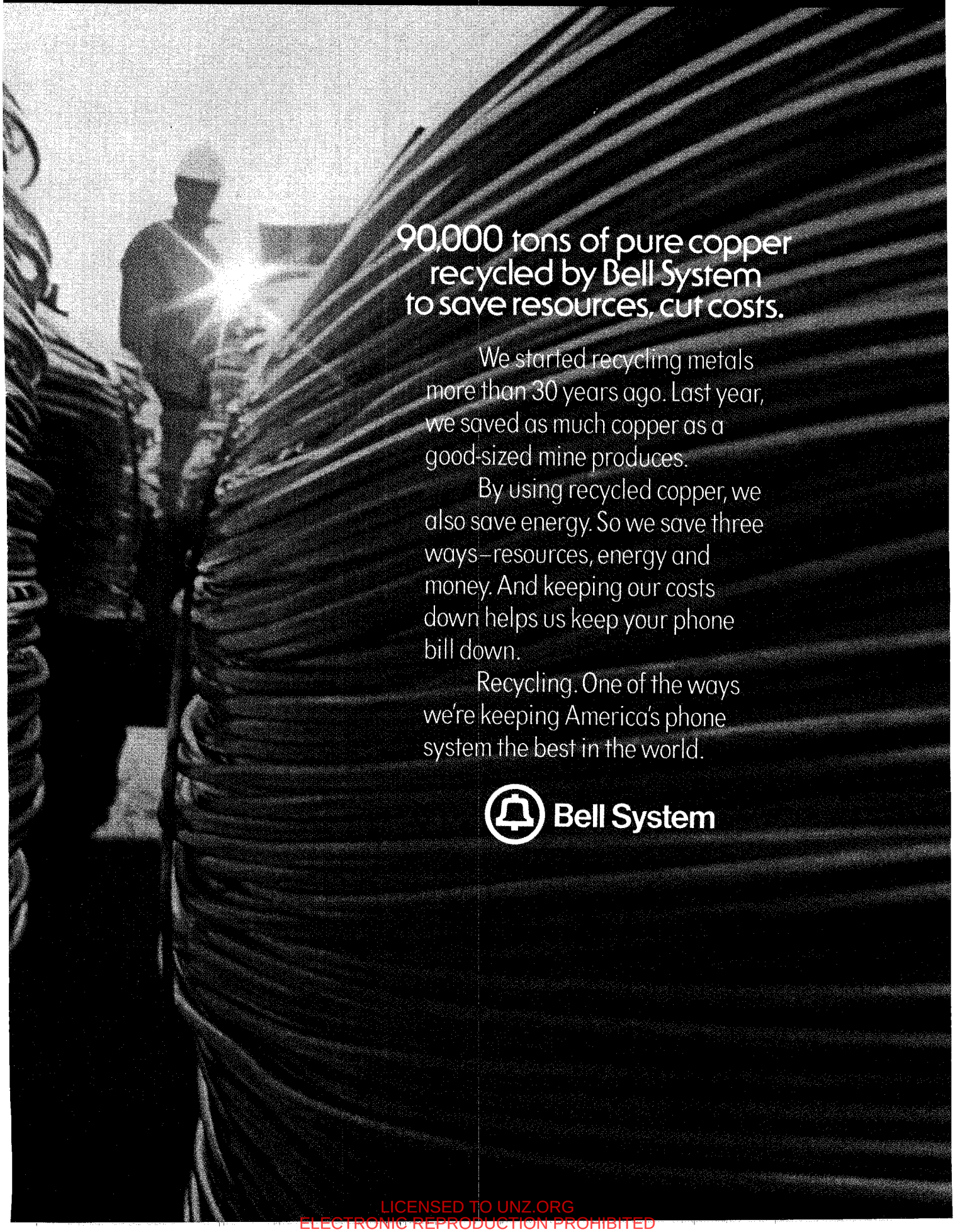
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW WE'RE KEEPING AMERICA'S



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHONE SYSTEM THE BEST IN THE WORLD.



90,000 tons of pure copper recycled by Bell System to save resources, cut costs.

We started recycling metals more than 30 years ago. Last year, we saved as much copper as a good-sized mine produces.

By using recycled copper, we also save energy. So we save three ways—resources, energy and money. And keeping our costs down helps us keep your phone bill down.

Recycling. One of the ways we're keeping America's phone system the best in the world.

Bell System

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Chaikin and Papp

A Fable (Westbeth). After I saw this latest production by Joseph Chaikin I took down his book *The Presence of the Actor* (Atheneum, 1972) and read on the first page:

> *The joy in theater comes through discovery and the capacity to discover. What limits the discoveries a person can make is the idea or image he may come to have of himself. The image can come about through his investment in his own reputation, through an involvement with approval or disapproval, or through feelings of nostalgia stemming from his desire to repeat his first discoveries. In any case, when his image becomes fixed, it limits him from going on to further discoveries.*

All I can add to this prescient criticism of *A Fable* are some specifics about why I think it is a sad footnote to recent theater history. Chaikin was the founder of the Open Theater in 1963, a group that synthesized productions out of ensemble efforts of writer and actors and director, sometimes with the writer simply formalizing on paper the matters that had been worked out in rehearsal, in improvisation and inner inquiry, by the group. In 1966 the Open Theater presented two interesting works, *America Hurrah* by Jean-Claude van Itallie and *Viet Rock* by Megan Terry. In 1968 they reached their height with *The Serpent* by van Itallie. With this production and subsequent ones they have often toured the US and Europe. But in later productions they have seemed to be groping backward toward those first fine careful raptures. For internal reasons the Open Theater has nominally disbanded, but virtually everyone in this new production had been in the group, including the writer van Itallie and the composer Richard Peaslee.

A Fable (nothing to do with Faulkner's novel of that name) is another "collaborative work." Peaslee's music, some of it for the actors, some of it for three instrumentalists alone, could hardly be more grudging and skimpy. The six actors, wearing informal street clothes, begin by singing a chorus about the village of People-Who-Fish-in-the-Lake. Then they sit around for a while, mending a net, making simple-hearted folk atmosphere. Then a young woman sets out from the village on a symbolic journey. She passes through a palace courtyard full of *Marat-Sade* deformed and demented people. (All other roles are played by the other five actors.) She sees the king who asks her to find and kill the beast in his kingdom (which turns out to be himself). She passes through a country fair. She meets an ugly hermit in the woods and stays with him for a time, playing music. She returns at last to find her village leveled.

If I say that I don't get the point of this fairy tale, I must make clear that van Itallie's dialogue is absolutely *laden* with points—homiletic, false-naive, gaseous, all reeking of smug and spurious purity. Last year I saw an "independent" production of his play *The King of the United States* which was an imaginative victory by the director Allan Albert over an insipid political fantasy-satire full of high-school insights. This year van Itallie becomes the Kahlil Gibran of the avant garde.

Last year Chaikin did an "independent" production of *The Sea Gull* that, except for the passable performance of Leueen McGrath as Arkadina, was a clumsy barbarism, revealing how far Chaikin was from a command of representational acting. In the years immediately preceding, the last years of the Open Theater, he had demonstrated that (in his own terms) his image had become fixed, limiting him from further discoveries. Like so many explorers in the arts, he had made a breakthrough and had then sat down.

Through the 1960s Chaikin was a figure of some seminal force, here and abroad, particularly appealing to young people who were looking for new ways of being truthful in the theater. Diluted from Grotowski though much of his work was, Chaikin showed some poetic imagination of his own—for a while. Lately he has been drawing heavily on credit that is running low. In my review of *A Chorus Line* (*TNR*, June 21, '75) I suggested that the idea of a musical derived from the synthesis of its cast's experiences, even some of the show's devices, owed a debt to Chaikin. Increasingly Chaikin owes debts to himself. *The Mutation Show* a few years ago fed desperately on the vocal-kinetic work of his earlier shows, thinned out now because the miming and vocalizing had much less rich subjects to work on and thus seemed centered on celebrating the methods themselves. This is even more the case with *A Fable:* familiar Open Theater tactics are here applied to hollow stuff and now appear not only stale but merely self-gratifying.

Trelawny of the 'Wells' (Beaumont); *The Leaf People* (Booth). Joseph Papp, the theatrical Gatling gun that mostly fires blanks, has opened his new double-barreled season with two duds. At the Beaumont in Lincoln Center, where he promised us a season of classics, he opens with Pinero's *Trelawny*. Apparently Papp uses the word "classic" (as film people often do) synonymously with "old." He did a production of this play downtown at the Public Theater in November of 1970, and I noted at the time that, buried in this trumpery antique, is a core of cultural history: a turning point from romantic to realistic theater. But an awful lot of baggage has to be hauled getting to and away from that core.

The present director A.J. Antoon has shifted the setting to the US, as he did with his good production of *Much Ado about Nothing* three years ago. I'm less upset about this shift than others have been. The Pinero doesn't travel as well as Shakespeare because it is more realistic in detail, still New York of the late 19th century was still greatly under the levy of British class ideas (see James and Wharton), and the stratification

Films Worth Seeing

Dog Day Afternoon. Factual, fantastic, finally fuzzy. Al Pacino good as homosexual bank robber.

Every Man for Himself and God against All. New German version of Kaspar Hauser story. Disappointingly structured but beautifully detailed.

Rooster Cogburn. Hokum in the old West, made pleasant by John Wayne and Katharine Hepburn.

Swept Away. Rich Italian beauty and poor sailor cast away on island. Fine sexy fun while they're alone, messed up back on the mainland.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

necessary to this story is almost as valid in New York as in the original London.

But the casting is generally deplorable, and although Antoon has moved the play nicely around the stage, the performance has no central style. Walter Abel, as the crusty old "aristocrat," is making up for a largely pallid career by overcoloring now. The most agreeable members of the 'Wells' company, the theater gypsies who are contrasted with Abel's menage, are John Lithgow as the leading man, Michael Tucker as the aspiring playwright, and Meryl Streep as a successful alumna. Marybeth Hurt has the title role; she has some dignity and appeal as the matured Trelawny, but she isn't credible as the earlier successful actress of purple romance.

The settings and lighting by David Mitchell and Ian Calderon are beautiful and make the best use I have so far seen of the deep Beaumont stage. At the start of each act we are looking at a Victorian theater stage, with some old flats and an old drop; these rise into the flies as a setting glides forward from behind them on to the thrust stage of that old theater: so the idea of a play about the theater is neatly reified. But, as they say of bad musicals, you can't whistle the scenery. The handsome looks of this production don't compensate for the inadequate performance of a play that would be tolerable only if superbly performed.

For his season of new plays on Broadway at the Booth, Papp begins with *The Leaf People* by Dennis J. Reardon, author of two bad plays previously produced by Papp. This new work again displays Papp's weakness, shown by the plays of David Rabe and others, for scripts of sophomoric social comment tricked out with facile theatricality. Comment: the Leaf People are an unspoiled Amazon tribe doomed to extinction by white incursion. Trick: these people speak an invented language, Leafish, translated by two interpreters suspended in glass booths above the stage. (The staging is by the febrile Tom O'Horgan.) Once the situation is set up, every single moment is agonizingly predictable and emotionally vacant. I am not in the least being flip when I say that the best element in the show is the lovely body painting of the nearly naked Leaf People which was done by Randy Barcelo.

An eight-page brochure explaining the Leaf language is available to the audience. For those who have read it, I note that this play does not *bahroosh*.

For others, I note that the New York metropolitan area has been flooded for several months with full-page ads and folders in the mail singing promises about Papp's new double venture. So far, the most exciting talent of his new double season is his advertising man.

Reed Whittemore on Television

Sally Quinn, Meet Upton Sinclair

When Sally Quinn left the CBS morning news show and set out to demolish CBS by writing a book (*We're Going to Make You a Star*, Simon & Schuster—sales at this writing 40,000) she set out to demolish herself as a TV star too. But then she discovered a way to reconstruct herself—she would simply go back to *The Washington Post*. Back at the *Post* she could wake up at a normal time and turn on the tube for the news and sleepily watch from her safe distance the empire she had demolished. Very soft. Also her comeback was very swift, and putting the *Post* lucre together with the proceeds from the book she must have gained rather than lost. Poor CBS. Why didn't she reconstruct it too?

Well, for one thing she was mad at CBS and had a right to be, since nobody there had told her what the red light on the TV cameras was for, nor told her that a talking head was supposed to *sell* the news rather than just report it (sell it by emphasizing *every* other *word*), nor made a single move to soften the bad image of her as a blonde bombshell that a venal press had given out before she went on the air. And for another thing she couldn't have saved CBS anyway; it was beyond saving; it was the wrong medium for intelligence, substance, talent and it was stuck with its wrongness since everything in it or on it was permanently run by the ratings. The ratings, the ratings.

Whereas at the *Post* one felt free (freer even than at *The New York Times* where she *almost* staged her comeback). TV journalism and newspaper journalism were light years apart. News on the tube was a skim job, and for talking heads like Sally (or Barbara, or Walter or Jack) it was not connected at all with the business side of reporting. It was instead a matter of achieving camera presence and regular bowels, and it left the talking head with acne and a cooped-up feeling, a feeling of being locked off from the world. Newspaper work was the opposite. It was commitment, involvement. Newspapers permitted the art of the interview to be practiced intelligently and with the hair down off camera, rather than with the 1200 Nielsen-rating families staring at the acne. So the *Post* was, for Sally Quinn, home; it was a place for a sensible working life without all the claptrap of "background, lighting, makeup and glasses, shirts, ties, voice levels and laughs and mustaches and hairdos and jewelry."

Very well. And so now CBS is without Sally Quinn, and some of the high officials there have been skinned by her revelations, and the TV world has been served notice by a well-poisoned pen that stardom American-style is as good a subject to write about now that TV is in charge of stardom as it was when the movies were in charge. It doesn't matter whether Sally Quinn can come up to the poisonousness of her literary elders on the subject of stardom—writers like Evelyn Waugh—because even if she does not she has revived the subject as a subject so that now the new Waughs can go to work. Grand.

Grand except that the Quinn model of poisonousness has a flaw. Its poison is private poison. If only Sally Quinn were not writing about the troubles of Sally Quinn the reader could take her book as TV criticism, as media criticism, as social criticism; he could say, yes, this is the way things must be in those studios to which the national brainwash machine has been moved. But he can't take it that way. The book is largely a private journal, a journal that happens to have been put out to dry in the bookstores in the exhibitionistic modern way. It is a book written in the interest of Sally

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Quinn. The new journalism?

Sally Quinn should not be compared with Waugh but with Upton Sinclair, a quite different kind of writer who was never accused of being a blonde bombshell but did in his time have the same trouble with a malicious press that Sally Quinn had, and did take on the enemy personally just as she has—but then came out self-clean as she has not.

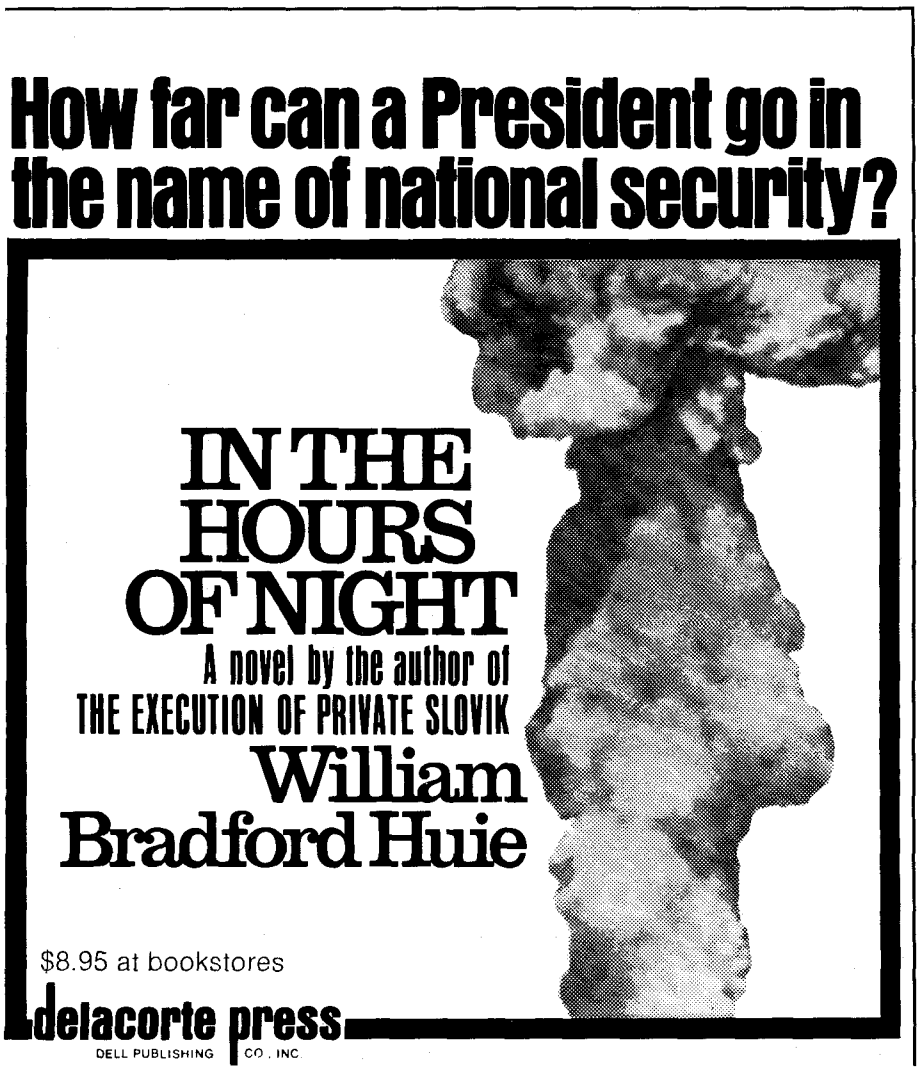
He too wrote a book about the enemy—his was called *The Brass Check*—and in it he took on most of the newspapers of the United States starting with the *Times* and working down. He took them on because they had in effect done to him what the cynical opportunists of *New York* magazine did to Sally Quinn, that is, publicized him as an apostle (of the practicing kind) of free love. He would have been better characterized as an absent-minded professor but the Press made him a target anyway, from the moment of the dramatic appearance of his muckraking meat-packer novel *The Jungle* (1906), made him a target (or so he believed) because he had offended the money interests. They targeted him for the book, then targeted him harder for establishing a commune in the Palisades from the proceeds of the book, and they went into ecstasy fits when he began divorce proceedings against his first wife. The wife *was* a bit of a nymphomaniac—or was so later described to Upton by the "tramp poet" Harry Kemp who said he had made love to her in the commune while Upton was busy being utopian—but Upton's commune was otherwise an innocent affair, and certainly Upton himself in his private life was an innocent affair; but the Press would not have it so. It would not have it so because Upton was a Socialist, a dangerous radical. Sometimes the Press was truly angry at him and sometimes it only wished to make him ridiculous, but it did abuse him. And so he wrote his book.

It was a neurotic book. Upton saw malicious intent behind every press statement, and missed no possible occasion to preach about the malice. Yet despite the private obsession the book was *not* a private journal. Its final impact was public, not private, and its public worth was sufficiently impressive to encourage the *Times* (in conjunction with the Arno reprint people) to reissue it a few years ago. As an act of penance? Whatever the reason for its reappearance it still makes good reading. The work of *The Brass Check* is not yet done whereas Sally Quinn's book has already served its whole purpose.

Upton was of course incurably high-minded, one of the world savers. He must have been impossible to live with, just as his books are sometimes impossible to live with, they are *so* high. Yet he did have an important message that was not just high, a message against self-serving, against always gettin' there fustest with the mostest. And to his credit it must be said that he lived his own message, was a walking model for decades of a public-spirited organism, a man of great good will whose tolerance and generosity outweighed his angers and his attacks on the enemy. He did not think of the enemy in terms of individuals, and he did not think of success in terms of his own. UnAmerican.

These days rebels without causes are scattered through America high and low. They do not all wear leather jackets. They have many worthy and unworthy private reasons for anger, and sometimes they profit by their anger and sometimes they lose their lives for it—but would it not be bully for them if they did have a cause or two, a real cause? Socialism is no longer a cause because it does not, in this country, now exist. The Democrats and the Republicans think they are causes but they are not; they are merely presences, and not very good ones either. Does anybody have a cause for sale?

Oddly the object of Sally Quinn's attack is a sort of cause. CBS News (and throw in the other networks' news institutions too, plus the local news programs that the networks feed) is the heart of American television. It is not only the most important part of TV, its prime public service, but it is the best part. Some of it is thin, yes, but it does take plunges into the deep and it is always around when needed, to cover elections, dog shows, wars. Also it has a character of its own that Sally Quinn does not like but that serves TV well, a decorous character. That character respects privacy (mostly), observes Emily Post's rules of conduct when the red light is on, does not do what Sally Quinn did in her book. It sits politely at a table and looks well-groomed and dependable while the undressed American Way rages around it. It is a worthy cause to support, not demolish. There is so much *else* to demolish on TV.


How far can a President go in the name of national security?
IN THE HOURS OF NIGHT
A novel by the author of THE EXECUTION OF PRIVATE SLOVIK
William Bradford Huie
$8.95 at bookstores
delacorte press
DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books Considered

Maupassant
by Michael Lerner

(Braziller; $12.50)

Maupassant's literary fortune is perplexing. Related to Flaubert through his mother, and living in Rouen, he was in a sense born to literature. As a very young man he was introduced into the circle of Flaubert's literary friends and tutored in the ways of the *literati* by one of the pundits of the hour, a man whom he loved and admired, Flaubert's friend, Louis Bouilhet. Although he made his real literary debut under the auspices of Zola with the still-popular short story "Boule de Suif," he was always to remain more closely in sympathy with the older generation. Thence perhaps his paradoxical situation. His name elicits immediate recognition: he is known as an undisputed master of the short story, still widely read and imitated. Yet since the turn of the century interest in Maupassant has been sporadic. He is a writer without an aura. He was overshadowed in his own generation by the ebullient figure of Zola. He seems, besides, to have had not the slightest insight into the literary revolution that other writers among his contemporaries—Mallarmé, Verlaine, Rimbaud—were initiating. What his mother saw as a unique privilege, early access to men of established literary fame, may well have placed him on the waning side of a literary trend that was pivoting toward a new "modernistic" esthetic. His work consequently often appears as a kind of footnote to mid-19th-century realism.

His success in his own time was enormous and his output rose along with it: 300 short stories and five novels in approximately a dozen years. It turned the shy young man who barely made a living as a bored minor government employee into a flamboyant social figure who rather extravagantly indulged his taste for boats and women until, toward the end of his 40th year, he plunged into the insanity that took him out of society and into the clinic where he spent the two last years of his life. The source of this disaster, it is now more or less established, was the syphilis he contracted as a young man, the symptoms of which plagued virtually all his adult life. They created dramatic tensions for the apparently athletic, good-looking and successful man, causing the increasing mental distress which ended so tragically.

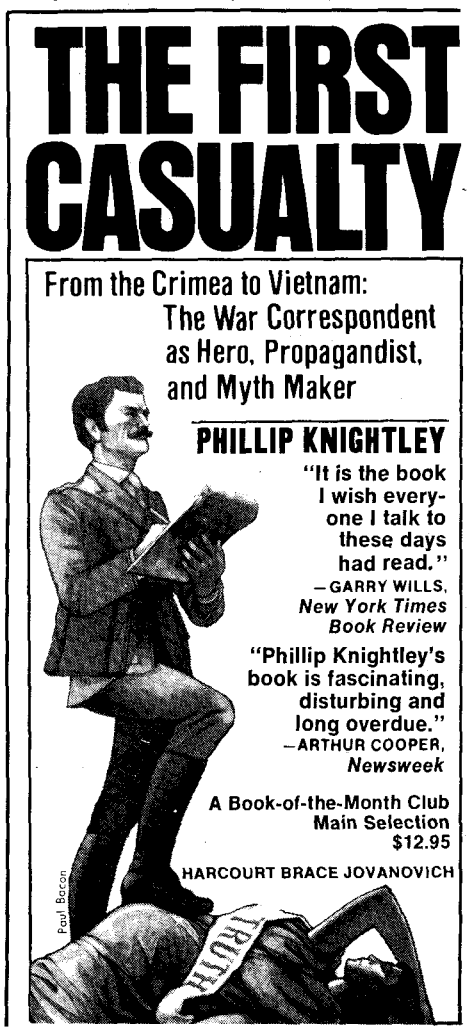
One of the difficulties for his biographers has been the paucity of information concerning his private life. He was strenuously opposed to confessional writing of any kind. And the family, more particularly his neurotic mother (whose second son Hervé also died young after making the same plunge into insanity), wished to preserve intact an image of Maupassant as the superior "man of genius." Facts were not easily forthcoming, both syphilis and madness having "shameful" social implications.

Of late, interest in Maupassant seems to be surfacing again. In the last three years the Princeton University Press has re-edited Edward Sullivan's excellent study, *Maupassant the Novelist*. Francis Steegmuller's biography, *Maupassant, A Lion in the Path*, Albert H. Wallace's study in the Twayne series and now Michael Lerner's *Maupassant* seem to be opening the way to a new appraisal.

Michael Lerner's biography brings new documents to light, letters and juvenalia hitherto unpublished. This allows him, in his reconstruction of Maupassant's life, to disentangle fact from hearsay. This includes a demythification of the persistent legend that Flaubert was more than a literary father figure to the younger man. But it also leads him to give perhaps undue importance to the facets of Maupassant's early writings, in particular the banal exercises in bad pseudo-verse that young Maupassant produced under Bouilhet's tutelage. They prove at best that the young man was not destined to be a poet. Perhaps too because Maupassant's early years are singularly devoid of adventure—even in terms of 19th-century bourgeois urban life—Lerner makes too much of what he calls the "obscene" poems, which belong, after all, to the very old libertine tradition and seem singularly restrained in our pornographic age.

One is puzzled too, at a time when we are acquiring a new perspective into the patterns behind the moral facade of middle-class 19th-century respectability, at Lerner's blend of coyness and implicit moral stricture when he deals with *fin de siècle* mores. He applies uncritically the more questionable connotations of the term "decadent" (as derived loosely from Max Nordau's partial analysis) to the entire society, showing little interest in the real social forces at work in that dawn of the 20th century. This is a reflection, perhaps, of Maupassant's own limitations, to which he has temporarily circumscribed his own perspective.

To the extent that he really set out to present Maupassant's life as "representative" of "the changes in France in the latter half of the last century and of the greatness and weakness of the society he lived in," then one must say that the book has not fulfilled its author's intent. Such overall connections are difficult to lay bare. What he has done, as he follows the chronological development of Maupassant's life, is to give us glimpses of those varied fragments of society through which the writer passed: an impoverished provincial upper middle-class family setting with aristocratic aspirations; a minor white-collar employee in Paris; the diversions of the younger set—boating, eating, drinking and whoring around; the literary gatherings he rapidly sketched; the rhythms of life of a successful young literary man addicted to boating and society women; the patient's plight as he submits to the best available, but inefficient medical treatment of the hour. But little effort is


THE FIRST CASUALTY
From the Crimea to Vietnam:
The War Correspondent as Hero, Propagandist, and Myth Maker
PHILLIP KNIGHTLEY
"It is the book I wish everyone I talk to these days had read."
—GARRY WILLS, New York Times Book Review
"Phillip Knightley's book is fascinating, disturbing and long overdue."
—ARTHUR COOPER, Newsweek
A Book-of-the-Month Club Main Selection
$12.95
HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH
Paul Bacon

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made to place these within a significant whole. One feels the lack of a consistent sociological approach to the problems of biography.

The "representativeness" of Maupassant's life is not evident in Lerner's account of it. Nor, since I am being contentious, is the nature of the "universal value" of his work which Lerner somewhat flamboyantly proclaims in his conclusion but never establishes. Except for certain facts concerning Maupassant's increasing demands upon his publishers, and some information concerning the popularity of the short story, we learn as little about the social status of the literary man as, on the biographical plane, we are told about Maupassant's own views concerning his chosen career. The underlying link of work to writer is not explored. This is a legitimate choice for a biographer. But why then interrupt the biographical account by listing titles and presenting plot summaries whose place would more properly be in an index?

The real value of the book lies elsewhere, in the biographical documents gathered and in the objective manner of presentation. Lerner makes no attempt, except the most minimal, at psychological interpretation. Strictly objective on the whole, he does not presume to diagnose what made his model tick. He leaves it up to the reader to decipher the psychological drama of a life so extreme in its triumphs and disaster. By his choice of method—factual chronological exposition—he avoids the obvious, although the facts positively cry out for psychoanalytic interpretation. Lerner's Maupassant does not entirely come to life as a unified person. But he is not a fiction. The facts are there, and the questions they raise are still, in truth, probably unanswerable.

Germaine Brée

Germaine Brée is Kenan Professor of the humanities at Wake Forest University.

WRITERS WHY WAIT?
PUBLISH YOUR BOOK IN 90 DAYS
. . . and get expert editing, design, manufacture, publicity, promotion and advertising—all under one roof at low costs. Two **free books** and literature give details and success stories. Write or call Dept. 107
EXPOSITION PRESS, INC.
900 So. Oyster Bay Rd., Hicksville, N.Y. 11801
(516) 822-5700

Freedom at Midnight by Larry Collins and Dominique LaPierre

(Simon and Schuster; $12.50)

This is the kind of book that scholars are not going to like. It turns upon personality, it is full of good tales and slightly imagined dialogue, and it dips and wanders into a variety of side roads that will not be thought to strike directly to the goal: yet another account of the last days of the British Raj. But the scholars will, for the most part, be wrong. Collins and LaPierre have met the three tests of good history: what they write is significant, it is interesting and it is true. Not always significant, not always interesting, and not always true, mind you—and it will be the errors the scholars will find (naturally, appropriately and necessarily)—but more than good enough to satisfy all but specialists on Indian or British imperial history. Nor will it be counted in favor of the book that it manages to deal with the whole weltering up of Indian independence without once showing us how Rosa Luxembourg analyzed the disruption of the rural commune in British India, or indeed without really thinking Marx had much that was relevant to say about the subject. This is wrong, of course, and not at all scholarly. Still one can see that the authors prefer Gibbon to Schopenhauer, whose *World as Will* ("the great truth [is] that only Ideas, not the individuals, have, properly speaking, reality") stands close to the philosophy of most professional historians today.

The strengths of this book are three; its weakness also are three. It is not, for that, a nullity, or some kind of intellectual tie game. The authors have twice done this sort of thing well—in *Is Paris Burning?* and *O Jerusalem!*—and although this third has neither interrogative nor imperative, it is the method as before. The subject is no less, as the dust jacket tells us, than "the end of the British Raj and the birth of independent India and Pakistan," and a problem so large, on which so much ink has already poured forth, is inherently dramatic. This is not to say that Collins and LaPierre couldn't have missed, for many have before them. But they haven't.

The three strengths, then? One is compassion. They provide a balanced, often moving, account of the efforts of Mountbatten, of Nehru, of Gandhi, of Jinnah, to achieve their respective visions. No attempt is made to denigrate the British, or to belittle what "the wondrous show of a tiny state, of highhearted princes, and a whole nation's ordered works and ways, tribes and battles" (Virgil, alas; they don't write *that* well) meant for India, for good and ill (still, one feels, they think it mainly good). No attempt is made to soften the legitimate grievances of the sub-continent, to hide the way in which the British used divide and rule to take from India what they needed, and on occasion only wanted. The balance is fair, sound and compassionate for individuals and nations without becoming mawkish.

A second strength is anecdote. One recognizes where a good many of these came from (and the notes acknowledge them) and many are not fresh. But many are, and those that are not are told at least as entertainingly as they were in the originals. Perhaps there is a bit too much emphasis on sex—whether Gandhi really swore off the life of the flesh because he received the news of his father's death while sexually engaged, whether the Maharaja of Alwar was homosexual or not, and whether the Maharaja of Patiala's erections were similar to Lord Shiva's, are not the most relevant questions to be answered, and certainly we hear a little too often about Indian sexual manuals and erotic carvings, as though the authors had not quite recovered from a visit to Khajaraho. Perhaps some of the stories are a little too exact ("Thank God," she sighed) for events at which there were no eye witnesses. Perhaps some of the information, while interesting, is also rather irrelevant: did you know that a Hindu performs acts below the navel with the left hand, acts above the navel with the right (or did you know that Dutchmen wear their wedding rings on the right hand, Frenchmen on the left—is your life changed?). But the anecdotes are consistently striking, entertaining and perhaps even informative.

The real strength of the book lies in the effective use of interviews. The authors have sought out, and apparently charmed into volubility, nearly everyone of any significance still alive who could tell them anything. They appear to have scoured India, Pakistan, Britain and France for retired ambassadors, attachés, aides, lieutenant colonels, sons and daughters, policemen and refugees (they say they were thus brought into contact with almost 500 people). While historians hesitate to use

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interviews for fear of the bias they inevitably contain, and turn instead to the mute interview of the printed page, the memoir, the edited collection of letters or diaries, these journalists did that which must be done, and sought out the living documents. The effort was a great one, and the result is rich.

Unhappily the result might yet have been richer. Strength and weakness share the same coin. One senses that the authors chose not to expose themselves to any of the literature of the professional anthropologist or historian on the developing methodology of interviewing. This methodology derives much from the insights of psychology and even psychoanalysis, and it is still in its infancy. But scholars such as Jan Vansina, or Daniel McCall, or any of a number who have worked with indigenous peoples in New Zealand, Africa or (yes) India, know that for a Westerner to interview someone not of the West is extraordinarily difficult, however Westernized the subject may seem. Obviously Collins and LaPierre have not taken as gospel all that they were told in their interviews—no good journalist would—and obviously they imposed some means of verification upon the more sensational, or moving, material. But those are not enough safeguards, one feels. And the method used is never discussed—one really does not simply walk up to the eyewitnesses, or even participants, in the assassination of Gandhi, and ask them to spill the beans into a tape recorder, to mix a metaphor—so that the reader cannot judge its adequacy. One is neither scholar nor pedant, necessarily, to expect full explanations about how information is gathered. The result is bound to be some mistrust on the part of more circumspect readers, mistrust that in fact may be largely misplaced and that could have been avoided.

And those other two weaknesses? The book has no clear framework, no sense of what it is about except to tell a story well. Perhaps this is enough, but I don't think so. One really would like to know what the authors think about such abstractions as imperialism, democracy and independence, in order to have some idea what weight to give the anecdotes, the irony, the sense of fairness, the many attractive qualities of the book. They exist in a theoretical vacuum (no, I am *not* asking for Rosa Luxembourg, rather for—let us say—James Morris), where the point of view is, in the end, obscured rather than clarified by the fairness and the compassion and the

Won't you buy him $240 worth of food for $10?

This little guy is one of the nicest kids you'd ever want to meet. He's one of nine children plus a mother and a grandfather living in a two room shack in an impoverished area of a small Alabama town.

His family's most urgent problem is hunger. There's simply not enough for them to eat. Not just at certain times of the year... but day in and day out. Malnutrition is endangering their present health as well as the development of their minds and bodies.

Right now. Right here in the U.S.A., there are thousands of families on the back roads of the rural South whose diets are so inadequate they are facing slow starvation.

That's why the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund is now in its eighth year of collecting money to buy Food Stamps for families of tenant farmers, field hands and seasonal workers. Under this federally sponsored program, 50¢ buys as much as $12 or more in Food Stamps. Since many families have almost no income at all, contributions are vital. Your $10 can buy $240 worth of food—enough to feed a family for a month. As one donor recently wrote—"Where else can my modest donation do so much!"

To contribute, please send as little or as much as you can to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Thank you.

NAACP Emergency Relief Fund*
Dept. E81, Box 121, Radio City Sta.
New York, N.Y. 10019

*A project of the NAACP Special Contribution Fund—tax deductible arm of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sense of a good story.

Obscured doubly in that the authors do retain a bit of what Philip Mason, historian of the Raj (among other things), once called the Peter Pan attitude. They are respectful enough of Gandhi, Jinnah, Nehru and those who were with them. But those maharajas, or the plotters against Gandhi, or the faithful stewards and bearers—these are all seen as Peter Pan, unaging, unchanging, without individual qualities. This is not invariably true—the pathetic story of Boota Singh is very well told—but it is too often true. Perhaps a bit of the British Raj took hold of our parapatetic reporters.

Still, and all, the book is a fine one. Despite the treatment of the assassination of Gandhi which reminds one of Stanley Wolpert's *Nine Hours to Rama*, and seems derivative. Despite the concluding paragraphs, on how "India remains what she became . . ., the world's most populous democracy . . . whose citizens have the right to dissent, to protest, to express themselves freely and openly in a free press," which are a bit hollow just now. For the authors cannot be blamed for events overtaking their rhetoric. Events overtook Lord Louis Mountbatten as well. And that story is excitingly and well told here.

Robin W. Winks

Robin W. Winks, professor of history at Yale, teaches a course on the history of the British Empire.

Nowhere at Home: Letters from Exile of Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman ed. by Richard and Anna Maria Drinnon

(Schocken Books; $12.95)

In E.L. Doctorow's *Ragtime*, the unappealing representatives of an age (a grossly fat President Taft, a troubled Houdini, a crackpot J.P. Morgan) contrast to the one upstanding and perceptive historical American figure in the book, Emma Goldman. The militant anarchist is the one who sees the true condition of society and who presents a badly needed alternative way of living—nonconformist and unenslaving, a vision of how society could be better organized. How surprised would be the contemporaries who reviled and persecuted her. Because of *Ragtime's* success, more people than ever in Emma Goldman's lifetime will read a sympathetic account of her. But Doctorow's rehabilitation of Goldman is the only the latest and most popular in a process that has gone on during the five years since her writings began to be reprinted. More than half a century after her deportation, Goldman has acquired an attractiveness beyond any of her contemporaries, including Eugene Debs. Her works are carefully read by feminists and the libertarian left. There are any number of study and activist groups as well as a bookstore or two and a medical clinic which have taken her name. This "most dangerous woman in America," in J. Edgar Hoover's phrase, has never had more influence, and it is not hard to see why.

Her ideas have aged well, particularly because of her libertarian emphasis on the individual. She was one of the few radicals of her time who attacked not only capitalism but the power of the State, and saw the growth of government as no counterbalance to the power of capitalists; both threatened the worker and the individual. Her absolute devotion to individual liberty in the free and decentralized Communist society that she advocated—anarchist communism—got her into trouble during the early years of the Russian Revolution, because she measured the new society by a yardstick that other radicals rejected. Most of all, Goldman's feminism remains valuable because she never limited it to specific issues, not even the causes she campaigned for—birth control (for which she was jailed), or her criticisms of marriage and women's suffrage. Her idea of women's liberation was broader and more inclusive than these issues; her militancy has a modern temper because she focused on the whole texture of a woman's life.

But ultimately Emma Goldman's attractiveness today comes from something more than her ideas as a political theorist. After all, her anarchist essays don't match up to Kropotkin's, her account of the Russian revolution is less convincing than her comrade Berkman's, her feminism is overwhelmed by recent writings. Her drama criticism is tedious. She was more of a lecturer than a writer.

What makes Goldman attractive is rather the romance of her life. She was not a saint but a militant, whose politics (really, antipolitics) demanded personal freedoms as well as public ones. She lived according to her ideals and suffered much for it—independence as a woman made her notorious even beyond her defense of civil liberties and the poor, outspokenness led to persecution by the police and deportation by the federal government. But like Berkman, she was not given to compromises, even in the face of years in jail, as in their opposition to World War I. She knew that her life constituted her most important work, and in fact she saw it as something of a romance. For that reason her autobiography, *Living My Life*, remains the most vibrant of her books. The force of her rebelliousness comes through—never cranky, sometimes arrogant and florid, but powerfully felt and perfectly fitted to her libertarian ideal. What is more, her life was given a focal point, and was forever tied to Berkman's by his attempted assassination of Henry Clay Frick, the tyrant of the Homestead Steel Strike in 1892. Berkman served 14 years for this (much of it in solitary), but for Goldman too it was a searing experience. In their letters from exile many years later they treat the anniversary of his release from prison as the redletter date of the year. They always lived at the brink of arrest or on the point of deportation, usually in poverty; but it was Berkman's grim years in "the living tomb" that underlay their lives.

The letters that Richard and Anna Maria Drinnon have collected begin in 1919, when both Berkman and Goldman were again in prison, serving out two years apiece for war resistance. Berkman, in the Atlanta Penitentiary along with Debs, never recovered his health from this new bout with solitary. But he and Goldman came out spunky, and greeted deportation to Russia with defiance, as shown by their statements to the Immigration Service, included here among the letters. The worst years lay ahead—the terrible despair at the course of the Russian Revolution, the rootless isolation of their exile. The letters chronicle this period and add intimacy to Richard Drinnon's biography of Goldman, *Rebel in Paradise*. Lovingly edited, the letters constitute, as the Drinnons claim, a sort of independent biography of the two anarchists in these years. They are rich with the passions and debates of the '20s and '30s, but from a particularly unhappy perspective, with no hope in any direction.

The price was isolation, not just

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

political but personal. Everything came crashing down on their heads. The libertarian philosophy which had impelled them as revolutionaries now cut them off from the dominant revolutionary movement. They actively opposed the Soviet government from 1921 after the crushing of the Kronstadt rebellion and the beginnings of the Gulag. Exiled again from Russia to Western Europe, they could convince almost no one of what they had seen, or that what they had seen was horrendous, not even old friends like Roger Baldwin. Goldman could argue that Russia was merely a State Capitalist monopoly but few would listen.

She wrote in 1935: "I do not criticize Russia because Stalin is too revolutionary, but because he is not revolutionary at all." In fact, though, their own revolutionism (and hers more than his) took a bad blow. The anarchist movement collapsed in most countries and its philosophy seemed to them abstract and without immediate practical application, though nonetheless important as a future goal. Not that it couldn't be tried, only that no one seemed interested. "We cling to an ideal no one wants or cares about," she wrote, and cling to it was all they could do. Certainly opposition to the Russian state was not for them as it would be for so many others, an opportunity to acquiesce to capitalism. Their revolutionary spirit, dampened and quieter, wouldn't go out. "I wish I could at least make my peace with the world as behooves an old lady," Goldman wrote in 1933; but she couldn't do it. Berkman in the same year wondered in a letter if terrorist acts against the new Nazi officials might not be a good idea—an unregenerate revolutionist.

But it was impossible to overcome the misery of their situation. "It is easier to die for one's faith than to suffer for it day in and day out, for long, endless years," he wrote in a moving letter to Tom Mooney, the political prisoner. At least Berkman had a domestic life with his companion Emmy Eckstein, whom no one else seemed to like. But Goldman suffered what she called "the tragedy of all emancipated women." Her independence cost her, as a woman, the stability of family life in her older years. The guarantees of a conventionally lived life, such as they are, were gone and nothing had come to replace them. Exile was lonely. She wanted to return to live in the United States. Berkman, who was hounded in France almost certainly at the behest of J. Edgar Hoover, wouldn't even consider returning, not that he ever had the choice: "I hate America now, and don't ever want to see it again."

In their letters they argued and conferred about the same topics as before their exile—women's emancipation, violence, whether freedom need ever be restricted, how not to compromise ideals—but without the urgent activism of the years in America. It mattered less what conclusions they drew. Berkman seemed exhausted by the idea of a disagreement. He was oppressed with doubts and despair while writing his famous *ABC of Communist Anarchism*. Goldman had to unearth the suffering of the past to write her autobiography.

Berkman suicided during an illness in Nice just a few weeks before the Spanish Revolution in July, 1936, when anarchist ideas were put into larger practice than ever before. Goldman spent her remaining four years aiding the Spanish anarchists, militant to the end. It was another lost cause, but lost causes only underlined her determination and sense of importance. As she had written to Berkman in 1933, "it seems to me that just because of the present mad clamor for dictatorship, we of all people should not give up. Someday, sometime long after we are gone, liberty may again raise its proud head." In the meanwhile their ideas like their persons were "nowhere at home."

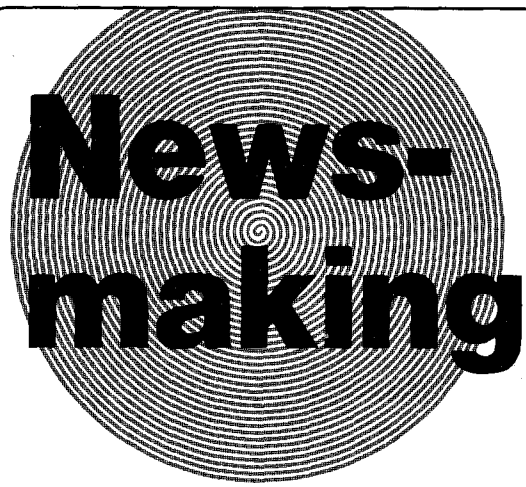
Paul Berman

Paul Berman is editor of *Quotations from the Anarchists* (Praeger).

We Be Here When The Morning Comes by Bryan Woolley

(Univ. Press of Kentucky; $7.50)

Harlan County, Kentucky is coal country, and the scene for the last 50 years of some of the most raw, clearly-drawn class conflict in America. On one side have stood the coal operators, many of them large out-of-state corporations working through local allies. They have controlled most of the employment, housing and land, stores, schools, doctors and politicians. Coal and power



BERNARD ROSHCO

What makes news? Who decides what's fit to print? How "objective" can a reporter be? Does the press rely too much on "official sources"? Should the press be society's watchdog? Roshco has been both a working journalist and a government press officer and has taught both journalism and sociology. This special combination of expert knowledge provides authoritative answers to these and other questions. This brilliant study of the entire newsmaking process from the techniques of reporting to the technology of publishing is also a searching inquiry into the interrelationship between the press and the society in which it operates. $10.00

University of Chicago Press
Chicago 60637

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have made them fortunes.

On the other side have stood the mining families, isolated, unschooled, in debt, powerless. Coal has generally provided them with no more than basic survival, while mine accidents and black lung disease have taken away arms, legs, the ability to breathe and even life itself.

In 1973-1974, another bloody battle was fought in Harlan County's running class war. Miners at Duke Power Co.'s 180-man Brookside operation voted in June 1973 to be represented by the United Mine Workers, instead of the tiny, company-oriented Southern Labor Union. The strike for a UMW contract they began four weeks later was to last for 13 months, until the shotgun killing of a striker threatened to lead to an all-out bloodbath, and the company signed.

We Be Here When The Morning Comes is a sympathetic but un-romanticized account of the Brookside strike by Louisville newspaperman Bryan Woolley and photographer Ford Reid. It not only captures the drama of the strike's events, but also successfully reveals what the miners and their families were thinking and feeling during the struggle.

Woolley and Reid lived with one of the miner's families during the last few weeks of the strike, and it is from this experience that the book draws its great strength. The bulk of the words are the miners', not Woolley's. There is hardly a hint of a journalist's self-indulgence here: he lets the people tell their own story, in their own words, and they certainly make the most of the opportunity.

There are Louie Stacy and Tub Rainey and Darrell Deaton, veteran miners who tell why a union contract is needed to protect against safety hazards underground. Minnie Lunsford, over 70 and a daughter, sister, mother and wife to coal miners, describes how the womenfolk stopped strikebreakers from working the Brookside mine when the men were handicapped by a court ban on mass picketing, and how some of the women and their children went to jail for contempt of court. Betty Eldridge, a miner's wife who with her husband had joined the exodus north for jobs during the coal industry's hard times, explains that they came back to Harlan from Detroit because they could not get used to the alienation of city people from nature and from each other. But now, she says, they have seen the better wages, security and on-the-job health and safety protection Northern workers with union benefits enjoy, and they will no longer settle for less.

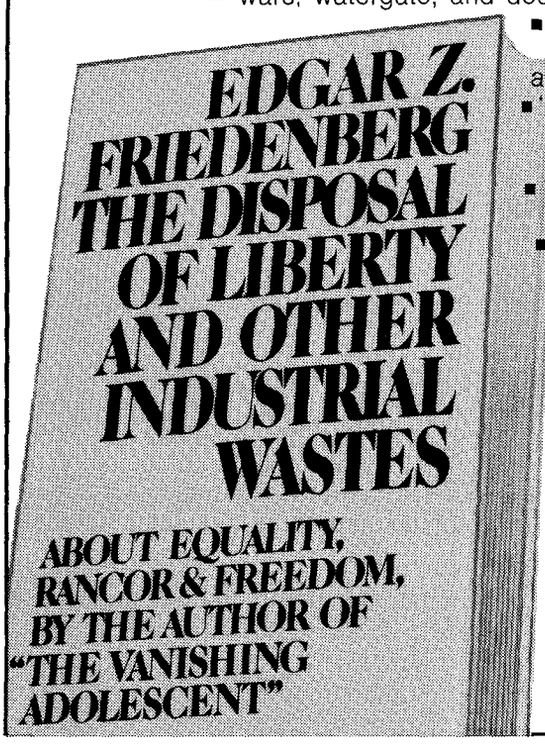
"We come back here, and we *still* want to live good," she says. "We won't let the operators mash us down anymore, the way they used to."

And there is Tag King, retired miner and "union preacher," who held early-morning revival meetings during the strike that just happened to be near the mine entrance. He perhaps sums up the reason for the strike better than anyone:

> *The company ought to* want *the men to have a good living, and they ought to* want *the children to be fed and clothed and educated and all. But they don't see it that way. They'd rather lay (all their money) back, and break the strike, and keep the coal miners down to where they can't have much to say, so all they can do is go on and work with bad top and dangerous conditions, and if men don't like it, the boss can say, 'Well, get your bucket and go home.'*

Along with the personal histories and opinions from the strike participants, Woolley skillfully adds to the drama by providing some of the necessary history of the county, the industry and the UMW. The strike, he explains, was not only a local struggle for one contract, but also a major test of the will and imagination of the new UMW reform leadership headed by rank-and-file miner Arnold Miller. The union adopted a number of unusual tactics against the North Carolina-based Duke Power Co., the nation's sixth largest electric utility, including a long campaign aimed at blocking its home-state rate increase requests and at discouraging potential investors from buying the company's stock. A citizens' panel, including former Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz and former US Sen. Fred Harris, was invited to Harlan to hear testimony from the strikers. On two occasions, Miller led thousands of UMW members in marches through Harlan, the second time during a special nation-wide coal shutdown called in part to protest the company violence at Brookside.

The strikers themselves found some innovative ways to promote their struggle. For example, when two strike leaders were offered $5000 in cash to help break the strike, they played along and tape-recorded a meeting with the Southern Labor Union president at which he gave them an initial installment. *UMW Journal* photographer Earl

"Indignant, ironic, brilliant..."*
The author of THE VANISHING ADOLESCENT shows how spite and rancor are the causes of contemporary problems — wars, watergate, and declining personal freedoms.
■ "Seems certain to provoke liberals and conservatives alike."—*Publishers Weekly**
■ "A sense of linguistic precision very like Mencken's."—*N.Y. Times Book Review*
■ "Stimulating and entertaining."—*Atlantic Monthly*
■ "Provocative throughout."—*The Booklist* ■ At all booksellers now.


DOUBLEDAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dotter, meanwhile, was hidden in the woods nearby, recording the event on film with his 500 millimeter lens.

Despite all the sophisticated tactics, the final resolution of the strike was brought about by "Bloody Harlan's" more familiar means—violence. *We Be Here* gives a terse, graphic description of the shooting in August, 1974 of striker Lawrence Jones and the arrest of Billy Bruner, a Duke Power foreman, on murder charges. A countrywide gun battle would have been inevitable if a contract had not been signed five days later.

The story of a bitter, 13-month strike does not, of course, end with signing of a contract, yet unfortunately that is exactly where *We Be Here* ends, except for a one-page epilogue on the later acquittal of Billy Bruner. Its stopping point is a serious flaw of this book. Much as the strike could not be understood through an account starting on the first day, without giving any history, it also cannot be put in perspective without some description of the aftermath.

Was there any lasting effect on the strikers' view of themselves and the world from their contacts with college students in North Carolina, top church leaders in New York City and reporters and visitors from all over the country?

Was there a change in the relationship between husbands and wives because of the major role the women played in physically holding the picket line, and because the men had more time during the strike to spend at home?

What happened to the thoughts and discussions about economic and political conditions that sprang up because of the strike conflict and because the men were freed from the exhaustion and daily routine of strenuous labor? After the strike, there was talk among the strikers of starting a labor newspaper to expose the coal companies, the courts, the local establishment paper and other institutions which had been tolerated for decades. There was talk of making forays into the Carolinas to reciprocate for the support of other unions during the Brookside effort. There was talk of working people taking control of the school board and the tax assessor's office. When the strike was over, and the duller reality of mining coal resumed, what happened to all that talk?

The UMW had used the slogan, "UMWA—Here To Stay," during the campaign, and it did indeed continue to press its organizing drive. But should the union have taken a broader view of its role, and sent in community organizers to help nurture a budding social movement in the county that had been created by the strike?

All these are the kinds of questions Woolley could have and should have explored in interviews a few months after the strike settlement. He has written a book which will absorb not just those who have a particular interest in labor struggles or Appalachia, but also many readers who are concerned with how other people live and how they try to improve their condition. One only wishes that he had finished the story.

Matt Witt

Matt Witt is editor of the *United Mine Workers Journal.*

By the Beautiful Sea by Charles E. Funnell

(Knopf; $12.50)

Sea, sand and surf; the ocean resort is one Victorian legacy that has survived the erosion of time (and of water). There are, of course, resorts and resorts. The elegant patrons of Newport, Long Branch and Bar Harbor chose one style, mixing pomp and rusticity in unequal doses. The larger, more popular and gaudier excursion spots by the sea were totally different. Coney Island, Revere Beach and Atlantic City, this is where the urban masses for the past 80 years have come to disport, bathe and promenade, enjoying the fresh breezes and salt water, but keeping Nature in her place: that is, subordinated to the excitement of rides, the joys of eating and the sexual pleasures which loosened clothes and inhibitions invariably provided. The seaside resort has been described before, of course, particularly Coney Island, but all too often in a cloudy haze of sentiment, the antiquarian reminiscence of golden, happy times gone by. Until now no historian has managed to combine a love for the zany details of these rococo Edens with a critical eye and a sense of larger forces at work.

Enter Charles E. Funnell, who in this delightful study of Atlantic City has managed the task. Exuberantly, at times sardonically, he documents the growth of New Jersey's amusement center from a small gleam in the eye of realtors and railroad promoters of the 1850s and 60s, to the mote in the eye of respectable Philadelphians some 50 years later. Philadelphia, just commuting distance away, supplied the hot and sweating masses who came for summer relief to Atlantic City.

Despite early pretensions (and some inaccurate memories), the town was never the haunt of fashion. Examining "hotel personals" printed in newspapers, compilations of the major hotel registers, Funnell finds only a smattering of the social elite. If "high society was not utterly absent at the City by the Sea, there was something less than a surfeit of tweed on the Boardwalk," he concludes. The rich who did visit were businessmen and professionals, and behind them marched the lower middle and working classes who poured into town, staying at cheap boardinghouses or making one-day trips.

The town's promoters were alternately proud and ashamed of their clientele. Indeed Atlantic City was caught in a series of dualities that Funnell compellingly documents. An artifact of the machine, thrown up by urbanization and industrialization, the city blazoned its health-giving facilities, near Nature's own sea, and then surrounded visitors with mechanical ferris wheels and roller coasters, and turned its back on the water. A haven for gamblers, prostitutes and barroom operators, Atlantic City fathers survived periodic crises and scandals to proclaim their belief in the city's value as a family resort. Designed for repose, refreshment and recreation, the pace of daily life was as hectic and consuming as the snap of the metropolis one hour away.

Funnell has retained the vigorous and evocative quality of his sources—guidebooks, songs, postcards, newspaper clippings—while displaying an awareness of the underground movement of ideas and compulsions in Victorian America. In his hands the seaside resort becomes a probe to examine attitudes toward sexuality, family life, political corruption, racial attitudes and other equally important subjects. This marriage of data with generalization is an easy one, sustained by the energy of the material itself, and Funnell's own intelligence and wit. A cast of mercenary, inventive and ambitious characters moves through the book, entrepreneurs on the make, politicians on the take, and exuberant visitors swarming everywhere, in search of the pleasures that crowds and technology could bring.

The issue that most fascinates Funnell, in part a product of the writing of American Studies specialists like Henry Nash Smith, Leo Marx and Alan Tracht-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enberg, is the relationship between Nature and the Machine. Building on the work of these critics, and others like Albert V. McLean and Peter Schmitt, Funnell subjects the careless rhetoric of publicists and hotelkeepers to strict scrutiny, comparing and contrasting the city's official language and sacred literature with the congested medley of amusements and piers that almost blocked access to the ocean itself. The resort, he argues, was urban in spirit, "expressing action rather than contemplation and the pleasures of the City more frequently than those of Nature." Its natural imagery became a rhetorical formula, a set of clichés which also provided an anchor for the city's identity and reflected a series of mock confrontations, a contrived and artifically developed sense of danger. "At bottom, the culture wanted 100 percent protection against Nature. Man was to act on Nature; Nature was to be prevented from acting on man. . . . Nature was to be sentimentalized as an abstraction, but subjugated as a fact."

Thus the maw of an industrially and technologically imperialistic world was already capacious and active in the 19th-century. Few ecological fears hovered around the builders of Atlantic City, or disturbed the minds of the vacationing crowds. In play as in work, the ceaseless activity, the motion, the human variety and joy in creating an artificial landscape had captured the mass sensibility. The City was creating Nature over again, in its own image.

Funnell's view of the process is interesting in its own right. Like many students of popular culture, his delight in the merchandise is marred by a sense of its manipulative and exploitative quality. In his preface he acknowledges his participation in the American marketplace, but admits a certain harshness and sarcasm to his treatment. The problem is not Funnell's alone; criticism can so easily become condescension, and straightforward narrative is so often mistaken for endorsement, that it is difficult to maintain just the right tone of affectionate concern. This is the book's only failing. At times the intelligent social historian sounds like a hard-boiled dick, and the bark of the pitchman mingles with the voice of the turtle. But this is a minor matter, and perhaps appropriate to the strange combinations governing the world of Atlantic City, a world, as Funnell reminds us at the end, which continues to play its function of serving the American Dream. "There she is, Miss America. . . ."

Neil Harris

Neil Harris is professor of history at the University of Chicago.

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

Movie-Made America by Robert Sklar

(Random House; $12.95)

A constant complaint of film historians is that with all the histories of the cinema as an art (histories of its classics, directors, stars, genres, "auteurs") there are so few of the movies as social history. Movies are not only works of art that arise from the imagination and the collaborative efforts of artists and technicians (although they certainly can be discussed and considered as such); they are also social phenomena, arising from societal, cultural and economic conditions and producing profound effects on the attitudes of the audiences who pay to see them. The social historian views movies as social documents that interact with their times and cultures in two directions: the society shapes the content of movies and the content of movies shapes the society in return. Robert Sklar's *Movie-Made America* is a social history of the movies, one of the first since Lewis Jacobs' classic study of *The Rise of the American Film*, published in 1939. Sklar's book is the first of several such histories which will appear in the next few years (Garth Jowett and Russell Merritt are also working on social histories of the movies), and Sklar's book is a good one.

Sklar's strength is his treatment of the way that social and economic conditions influenced the movie industry and movie content; his treatment of the other social vector (the impact of movies on audience opinion) is much weaker. When Sklar's documentation is the content of movies (particularly his chapters on Griffith, Sennett, Chaplin, Capra and Disney), his conclusions seem like sociological superficialities, neither very revealing nor very different from the discussions of these same "Old Masters" in the histories of the movie as art. But when his documentations are social documents themselves—newspaper accounts, books published during the era, statistical figures of profit and attendance, government-funded studies, judicial proceedings and opinions—his conclusions are revealing and surprising indeed. Sklar's book carefully and clearly traces such frequently scrambled, mythified, or over-generalized stories as the founding of the film industry during the course of the Patent and Trust "Wars," Adolph Zukor's "vertical integration" of the film business, the steps leading to the hiring of Will Hays as movie "czar," the legal battles of the film industry against censorship and anti-trust prosecution, and the bitter internal battle within the industry itself during the post-war era of blacklisting and Red-baiting.

Sklar's central theme is that the movies have always been a slightly off-center, anti-establishment force in American life. The film industry has been dominated by people who were themselves not representatives of native, middle-class, middle-American values; their movies were filled with people and events that perpetually pushed against the societal frontiers of decency and normalcy; and that content repelled others who saw from the beginning that movies were both powerful and persuasive arguments against the values that they held dear. For Sklar, the movies were a mass entertainment that came from "below"—from working-class, Jewish, uneducated immigrants who immediately found a responsive audience in their peers and then pushed upward into the middle class. Unlike literature and the other genteel arts, the movies were not handed down by the educated to the unwashed for their "uplift"; they pushed upward from within those very unwashed classes by their own interests and energy. Although the original "Patent Companies" (Edison, Biograph, Kalem and the like) were owned by WASP, middle-class speculators and inventors, the triumph of the Independents in the teens (of Laemmle, Zukor, Fox and the like) was the triumph of the "new" Americans over the old, a triumph in what was really a class and ethnic struggle rather than a purely esthetic one. The resentment against these foreign, illiterate infidels persisted throughout the decades of movie history, producing the censorship drives against movie content

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the teens and '20s, the Payne Fund studies of the injuries that movies inflicted on children in the '30s, and, ultimately, the attempt to drain the Communists out of their Beverly Hills swimming pools in the '40s and '50s.

Ironically Sklar reveals that the movie industry fought the establishment attack by attempting to outHerod Herod; the movie moguls consistently identified with WASP and middle-class (rather than immigrant and working-class) political interests. Sklar believes that, contrary to myth, the moguls did not suddenly hire Will Hays in 1922 to quiet the eruptions of sexual scandal but had been working for several years to weld a connection between Hollywood and the Republican party. The most explicit pro-Republican maneuvering of the movie industry was in the California gubernatorial election of 1932 when the industry opposed Upton Sinclair by forcing theaters to show propaganda films (faked "candid" interviews among them) that depicted Sinclair as the foe of everything American. The union between the Jewish producers and the Catholic Legion of Decency in 1934 to produce the famed Hollywood Code was a similar attempt of this industry of "outsiders" to attain Christian legitimacy. During World War II, this industry of "outsiders" became the official spokesman for American values, making films that sanctified and idealized everything that Americans held dear.

The final chapter in this story of political accommodation and assimilation was Hollywood's surrender to HUAC and J. Parnell Thomas after the war, a surrender which tore the solidarity of the industry apart as well as led to its surrendering its role as critic of American values and prime source of social change. Out of this conflict between Congress and Hollywood, which still seems either murky or mythified today, Sklar forcefully traces the warring elements within the industry itself: the formation of the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Values, the first time antagonists of the movies received support from within the industry itself; the union struggle between IATSE and the CSU for studio control, whose battles were often cunningly blamed on Communist agitators; the insecurity and inexperience of the new movie "czar," Eric Johnston; the conflicting private and public testimonies of "friendly witnesses" like Jack L. Warner, and the conflicting reasons for the testimonies of the other "friendly witnesses"; the belligerence of the first "unfriendly" Hollywood witness, John Howard Lawson, and his verbal battles with Chairman Thomas; the way those battles frightened or offended the Hollywood neutrals who sided with the accused; and the general public hostility to overt political protest. In Sklar's view, the movie industry did not collapse because it lost its audience to television or because it lost its theaters in the rulings of the courts. It lost its power because it lost its purpose as a national force of social change and mobility.

Although the conflict between the movies as massive force for social change and the social pressure against them to preserve the status quo is Sklar's central theme, it is not his only story. He discusses the impact of the movies on women, revealing that Hollywood of the '20s was one of the first sources of their liberation (despite the subjugated role they played on screen). His treatment of Hollywood's sexual scandals treads a middle road between the whitewash that Hollywood tried to spread and the outrageous anecdotes of Kenneth Anger's *Hollywood Babylon*. Sklar does point out that artists and actors have never been known to adhere strictly to the chastely virtues and that Hollywood was a very concentrated colony whose product was devoted to the expressiveness of the body and the power of physical beauty. He discusses the strategic roles that agents like Myron Selznick and gossip columnists like Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons played in the power struggle between stars and producers. The story of Adolph Zukor runs as a kind of *leitmotif* through the book—scrambling to success as an Independent in the Trust War of 1910-15; becoming one of the great moguls with his vertical integration of Paramount Pictures in the late teens and early '20s; falling from power in the mid-1930s because of the depression and Paramount's tardy conversion to sound. Finally he makes an interesting point that reveals how parallel are the social histories of the movies and television in this country. The prime subject for the anti-movieists was the way that movies warped the values of children with its portrayals of sex and violence. Sounds familiar. Their secondary subject was the way that movies portrayed an attitude toward life that did not reflect that of middle America. Also sounds familiar.

As Sklar's history moves closer to the present its treatment of social and economic influences gets sketchier and more tentative (not surprising for a history). His discussion of the "art film" movement of the late '50s and '60s, for example, lacks the detail of many earlier discussions; I would have appreciated knowing more about the insight and methods of certain American businessmen (Joseph E. Levine, Joseph Burstyn, Walter Reade, Bryant Halliday) who somehow perceived that the time was right for marketing foreign films. Sklar devotes his concluding chapter ("The Future of Movies") to an examination of the "Underground" or Independent or New American Cinema, and his implication seems to be that if the movies are to continue to exert as strong a pressure on society for change and "liberation" as they did in the past, this kind of experimental cinema will be the source of it.

Movie-Made America is readable, cogent and lucid. The study is solid, scholarly and academic without a speck of dust or dryness in it. Sklar's prose, though not a constant source of surprise and delight, is always functional and smooth. An occasional image or metaphor is much better than that, as in his description of the current economic realities of the movie business in which a very few movies each year are huge hits while the others lose money: "It was as if the rules of baseball had been changed so that the only hit that mattered was a home run. The studios became interested only in the motion-picture equivalent of the home run." The book's illustrations are interesting, many of them never having been seen in a film book before. As with Sklar's discussion itself, I especially enjoyed the pictures of people or institutions in the film industry (rather than stills from the films themselves). There are stills of Louella Parsons, William Fox, Will Hays and several stills showing the evolution of the Comet Theater, a nickelodeon on Third Avenue in New York, which became the Lyric in the 1930s and the Jewel in the 1970s, devoted to the screening of homosexual porn.

Gerald Mast

Gerald Mast is the author of *The Comic Mind: Comedy and the Movies* (Bobbs-Merrill).

Coming

Howard Mumford Jones
on Melville
Gerald W. Johnson
on Mencken

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Back of the Book

The Contract on Baretta

Don't go to bed with no price on your head.

—theme

Robert Blake is probably the best character actor on television, yet the writers of his series, "Baretta," are out to kill him. Blake is tough, and if it were simply a matter of acting "around" bad lines or scenes, he might make it; but he is up against the wrong show now, one that was custom-made for him. His writers think that they are doing him and us a favor by building "Baretta" around Blake's personality. In fact they cheapen that personality every time they touch it.

No TV actor has ever been able to show fear for others as well as this man. Blake's powerful body, particularly his arms, help him in this, for he knows how to drain his strength in his expression, go limp inside when a loved one is in danger. He can't reach that danger, can't slap it around, because the danger is the loved one's own weakness, madness or evil; so Baretta just stands there pleading for a change of mind or character. He shouts or weeps because he cannot cure nature.

This gift of Blake's, his ability to be heartbroken at life, is precious, and probably has little to do with his professional training. We saw it in his eyes when he was a kid in *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, and we see it now, as hardened innocence. Baretta is a scruffy cop with superb coordination. Built low to the ground, he was made to roll with punches, to keep talking in that mock hip voice, and smile—always to smile. When his coordination fails, it is like a trust broken.

One of his performances last year was stunning. Baretta had a Benjy friend who robbed from the rich to give to the poor. When the friend was caught, the judge at the hearing intended to sentence him to the state mental hospital. But Baretta pleaded against this, promising to take responsibility for his friend's behavior. At one point he said, "Your honor, you and I with our perfect brains . . ." He repeated "Your honor" so that the title became an imperative. The speech was beautifully made.

That was last year, when "Baretta" emerged as an outgrowth of the failed series, "Toma." The cop Toma wore disguises, so Baretta wore disguises, but for Baretta the disguises became part of the character's interior adjustability, whereas Toma's costumes were actually meant to fool us, to no purpose. From the start it was clear that "Baretta" despite its origin, was a show of its own, and a fine one because of Blake. Clear, that is, to everyone but ABC which in its typical wisdom was set to cancel "Baretta" until an "Emmy" to Blake forced reconsideration.

Now, we have "Baretta" every Wednesday, but for a price. Because Blake is so good an actor of the vulnerable, his vulnerability is what we get, and we get it instead of, not within, plot; he shoots a junkie, and is heartbroken; he discovers that an old buddy is a pusher, and is heartbroken. A formula has developed for "Baretta" that neglects every element of drama except the star. If the writers persist in this formula, the series will fail; and when it does ABC undoubtedly will blame Blake whom they have made the only man in sight.

This is the way it is with commercial television: a strength is perceived (disguised cops, crippled cops, heartbroken cops), and a series or series of series is built on that strength. But the strength itself is read in terms of its eccentricity, its odd-ball nature, rather than attributing it to anything inherently, centrally, generally good, such as talent. Eventually the strength becomes a weakness because it is leaned on totally. In a way it was a weakness from the start because it was a spark of inspiration in a context intolerant of inspiration. Since inspiration sells nothing but itself, television flatters it out of existence.

Formulas *per se* are not the trouble. Sonnets and villanelles are set forms that used to free, not delimit, a writer's imagination. Baretta's formula creates a false freedom, however, because it makes the world Baretta's; and by fitting him with nothing but congenial situations, takes away adverse reality, which is the source of his appeal.

For Baretta adverse reality simply means the up-and-secure, a business man's lunch-world where crime is efficient. If the motion of that world is allowed to carry an episode, and if that motion is logical, then by opposition Baretta can look fine. He could have looked fine last Wednesday when he was up against a crooked judge, some gangsters and a lovable kid they were out to kill. But the writers wrongly had Baretta play almost solely to the kid. All we heard were helpful axioms such as "People are just like pigeons," and "Anybody who don't like de bad guys is a cop," and the deadening recurrence of the word "love."

They had an original in Blake, and they're making him a copy. Television loves copies, lives by them, and thinks we do the same. Does it see us as copies, too—us the audience in whose name all formulas are made? Are we the series looking in?

Baretta, beware. You are a good street-wise cop in a crummy neighborhood. You talk to birds and carry cripples on your back, and when de bad guys are out there's nobody rougher. But be careful of the good guys, your friends in the business who can't help the way they are. While you weep for them, pigeon, watch their hands.

Roger Rosenblatt

The Classifieds

Personals

WOMAN, FIFTIES—attractive, relaxed, social sciences, seeking male companion interested outdoors, travel, arts. Los Angeles. New Republic Box 7230.

SOMETHING UNIQUE—Handbag, hand-crocheted in natural jute with floral lining. Complements any casual wardrobe. $12.00 ppd. Laurel Hortsch, 4903 N. E. 24th, Portland, Oregon 97211.

COMPOSER-WRITER—extraordinarily talented, would like to correspond with modest young woman who is shy, timid, socially ineffectual babe in the human woods. New Republic Box 7255.

CHICAGO AREA—attractive, intelligent, fun-loving divorcee is seeking "somebody to read Sunday papers with." Desires meaningful relationship with MATURE man, 40 or over. No drinkers or cigar smokers! Send photo. New Republic Box 7245.

"THINK" SIGN UNPRODUCTIVE? Try "MEDITATE," our mini-poster (7½" x 3½"); pressure-sensitive. $1.00; 2|$1.75. TM bummer? No sweat: "PRAY" (same price). WRY IDEA, Rye, New York 10580

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTRACEPTIVES FOR MEN—by mail! Thirty top brands - Trojan, Nuform, Jade, and many more. Twelve assorted samples: $3. Deluxe sampler: $6. Free illustrated catalogue with every order. Plain package assures privacy. Fast and reliable service. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded in full. POPLAN, Box 2556 - Dept. CNR-6a, Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514

WARM, CARING, AWARE, authentic, creative man - young 40. Seeks woman to share being - country home. New Republic Box 7240.

MIDWEST WIDOW—personable. Interests, gardening, reading, travel, pleasant home life, wishes to hear from gentleman with same interest 55-65. New Republic Box 7235.

CONFIDE OFFERS intensive counseling on personal problems in highly concentrated form. Reaches you anywhere, quickly, privately. Details on request. Ask about our mind-opening tapes on transvestism|transsexualism — used in medical schools. CONFIDE, Box 56-NRL, Tappan, New York 10983. (914) 359-8860.

BLACK MALE PRISONER—35, desires correspondence with mature females. New Republic Box 7250.

MALE, 50's—seeks slim Manhattan gal 45-58 for occasional midweek lunch, socializing, exhibits, rambling. New Republic Box 7220.

MOTHERLESS CHILDREN? Attractive, creative, loving woman, 27, seeking to meet warm, understanding, loving man with children. Object: marriage and family. New Republic Box 7205.

JOIN NEGATIVE POPULATION GROWTH, Inc., 103 Park Avenue, (R2), New York, New York 10017 and help us reduce the population by at least 50%. Free brochure.

THE BIONOMIC CHURCH OF MANKIND teaches the premises, principles and practices of the natural, biological, ecologically established religion of all life. It teaches a complete, detailed methodology, which if followed, will permit anyone to achieve enlightenment—the instantaneous integration of all their knowledge in a single, coherent, whole concept. It presents a cmprehensive introduction to anthroponomical science and it provides the scientifically valid ethical requirements for every human action. To hasten the realization of Mankind in complete harmony, and the fulfillment of every human life, the Church is soliciting donations to its education and information programs. All donors will receive literature describing the bionomic religion, its genetic origin, enlightenment, and the obfuscating influences of myths. Donors of twenty-five dollars, or more, will receive a copy of the book, "Bionomic Religion" upon publication early next year. Donors who give substantially will be making a major contribution to the re-education of Mankind. Please send donations to: The Bionomic Church, Box 291, Mount Eden, California 94557

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH, $10.00 and sample to Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29th Street, New York 10016

ANTIQUE DOLLS AND GAMES WANTED. Please state condition, price. S.D.W., 189 Forts Ferry Road, Latham, New York 12110.

DEMOCRATS' CHRISTMAS NOSTALGIA—NRA Blue Eagle sweatshirts. $6.95. L-ExL only. Walls, 402 Riley, Austin, Texas 78746.

WANTED—intelligent, attractive, nonsmoking, unencumbered, under 30, secretary for permanent, high-salaried, all-expense paid position traveling U.S., Canada, Latin America with successful, good-looking, divorced, over 40 businessman. Send snapshot, resume, etc. to P. O. Box 7301, Dallas, Texas 75209.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE, Toll-free (800) 451-3245

PHILOSOPHER T-SHIRTS: Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza, Nietzche, Hegel, Karl Marx, Bertrand Russell. $5.00 each. 4|$18.00. WARREN ST. PRESS, 29 Warren St., Cambridge, Massachusetts 02141

HUMAN SEXUALITY KIT for individuals, couples, groups. Three Cassette Audio Programs plus illustrated, instructive booklet. Spoken by leading sex therapist professor. Sent in discreet package only $14.95 prepaid. Center for Sex Education, Inc., Box 44, Tappan, New York 10983.

IN TODAY'S WORLD: When a child drops out of school, chances for a happy, productive life drop too. To combat the apathy and poverty that are often the reasons why a child becomes a drop-out Futures has initiated a program to help keep some especially promising but severely underprivileged Spanish-surnamed children in school and thereby maximize their chances for happy and productive lives. Won't you help? The cost is low—$15 per month. The rewards are priceless. Write for further information to: Futures for Children, 4401 Montgomery Blvd., N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87109.

Bumperstickers

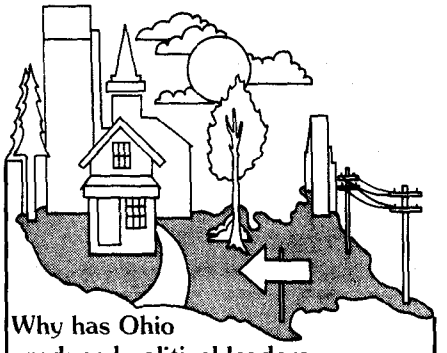
"FORD IS AN EDSEL" bumpersticker—$1.00; 3|$2.50. P.O. Box 931, Richmond, Virginia 23207. Virginians add 4%.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS Low cost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for Free Brochure. Price list and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR. 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114 Phone (314) 423-5495.

Greenery

INDOOR HYDROPONIC GARDEN - grow vegetables, sprouts, herbs all year in window. Complete, self contained (24" planter, media, full year nutrient, seeds, instructions). Unique, attractive, useful gift. Easy yet highly productive. Save 20% direct from manufacturer. Send $13.95 ppd ROCKY MOUNTAIN HYDROPONICS, Box N-18331, Denver, Colorado 80218

Celebration '76 Radio



Why has Ohio produced political leaders of limited stature, but scientists and engineers of great genius?

Tune in to the story of

Ohio

on The States of the Union

NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO's weekly series devoted to the 50 states. Check local listings for broadcast times, or **write:**

National Public Radio

2025 M St., N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036

Stationery

PROFESSIONALS - top quality business/social stationery at discount. Colorful sampler/catalogue 50¢. Jacques Stationery, (395N), Wallingford, Vermont 05773

Celebration '76

THOMAS PAINE PORTFOLIO. Handsome Enclosure containing outstanding articles and enlightening memorabilia about the great libertarian. $2.50 postpaid. Independent Publications, Box 162, Paterson, New Jersey 07513.

Literature

FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE FRUSTRATED BY CAPITALISM YET DO NOT THINK OF SOCIALISM—

WHAT NEXT?

An 8-page thought-provoker by **Jessie Lloyd O'Connor**

Single copies free; 10 for $1; 100 for $7.

Write Author, Little Compton, R.I. 02837

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN UNDERGROUND CLASSIC NOW IN PRINT—Jesse Lemisch's bitter attack on the American historical profession, presented at the 1969 AHA convention. His documentation of the profession's pervasive fear of democracy provides historical roots to Watergate and CIA-FBI conspiracies. $3.00. NEW HOGTOWN PRESS, 12 Hart House Circle, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

NEW CHINA'S FIRST QUARTER CENTURY—popular information, illustrated, on China's economy, oil-production, mining, farming, minority nationalities, science, arts. Send $2 for this book to CHINA BOOKS, Dept. NR, 125 5th Avenue (near 20th St.) New York 10003. Write for our free catalog listing hundreds of books and magazines in English, posters, records and greeting cards imported direct from Peking.

INTERESTED IN HUMAN SERVICES?—Welfare, health policy, housing, education, etc. You should be reading BETTER TIMES, "New York's Human Services Weekly Newspaper" since 1920. For one year subscription (37 issues), send $10 to BETTER TIMES, 225 Park Avenue South, New York City 10003.

THE FUTURE: Catalogue of Resources lists books, tapes, games dealing with possible future developments in technology and society. 25¢. World Future Society, Dept. G, 4916 St. Elmo Avenue, Washington, D.C. 20014.

MICHAEL HARRINGTON'S NEWSLETTER of the Democratic Left; political, labor, feminist developments plus informed analysis of energy, economic crisis, and future of socialism. $5/year. Newsletter, 853 Broadway, Room 617, New York, New York 10003

FREE copy of "A NEW AMERICA" newsletter, edited by Michael Novak, Box 48, Bayville, New York 11709.

ALL 23 DENENBERG GUIDES IN ONE BOOK! Formerly $1 each. Now in *The Shoppers Guide Book to Life, Health, Auto and Homeowners Insurance, Doctors, Dentists, Lawyers, Pensions, etc.* $3.50. Shoppers Guidebook, 813 National Press Building, Washington, DC 20045.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619

READ THE GUARDIAN—Newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 8-week trial sub., $1.00 GUARDIAN, Dept. N.R., 33 West 17th Street, New York, New York 10011 (Full Year $12.50, student $7.50)

Literary Services

WRITERS — "UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print as few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover, pamphlets. Quality, economy, and cooperation. FREE Details, Graphic-copy, Box 285R, Floral Park, New York 11011

Books Wanted

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, John McDonald, E. Doc Smith and sci-fi classics wanted. Will buy or trade. New Republic Box 7110.

WANTED—BOOKS About civil liberties and libertarians. Cases, theory, biography, autobiography. Good condition only. New Republic Box 7055.

Schools

LEARN SPANISH. If you really want to learn Spanish quickly, fluently and correctly, and if you have the courage and stamina for intensive and disciplined study, come for at least one month to the Cuernavaca Language School of CIDOC. First month $300. Following four weeks $200. Private tutor available at $300 for 50 hours. Details: Apdo. 480, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

Foreign Studies

YOUNG PEOPLE UNDER 30 will be considered for trip to China next summer to study communes. Contact PROMOTING ENDURING PEACE, Box 103, Woodmont, Connecticut 06460. (203) 878-4769.

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week nonpolitical non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 101 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017 (212) 889-7960

Employment Opportunities

ALL-EXPENSES-PAID trips to Canada, Europe, Israel. Easy consumer jobs. Anyone may apply. $1.00. Worldata, Box 8178-B, Huntington, West Virginia 25705.

$8000 MONTHLY SPARE TIME! No selling! Start immediately! Report - $15 (refundable) plus "KHEN" music instrument that's worth $39. *Check *Bank Americard *Master Charge *American Express *Diners Club *Carte Blanche. EXPIRATION DATE ___ NUMBER ___ OVERSEAS BUSINESS SERVICE, P.O. Box 383-A, Vientiane City, Laos.

DIRECTORY OF PUBLIC SERVICE INTERNSHIPS: OPPORTUNITIES FOR THE GRADUATE, POST-GRADUATE and MID-CAREER PROFESSIONAL. Available for $6.00 from the National Center for Public Service Internship Programs, Suite 601A, 1735 Eye St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 2006.

60¢ per word

400,000 readers

#3 ON THE HOUSE

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S special introductory "3 for 2" offer works like this. You pay for 2 insertions . . . we give you #3 FREE (on the house). Why? Because THE NEW REPUBLIC knows that your multiple insertions produce the results your advertising deserves.

☐ Please run the enclosed ad _____ times.
☐ Advance payment of _____ enclosed.

TNR CLASSIFIEDS
. . . the foundation for your successful advertising!

TNR Box numbers = 3 words to cover cost of postage and handling
(See frequency rates next page)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SECRETARIAL POSITION—for a Senior Executive involved in international trade, politics and economics. Requires broad command of English and preferably an interest in world affairs. Must be organized and have good technical skills. New Republic Box 7225.

SELL TNR SUBSCRIPTIONS and earn handsome commissions. If you think you can sell at least 10 subscriptions, write to: Circulation Manager, The New Republic, 1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

Business Opportunities

HOW TO MAKE MONEY writing short paragraphs. Information free. Barrett, Dept. C-456-H, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago, 60660

Property Sale/Rent

PRE-CIVIL WAR 20-ACRE FARM in W. Maryland. Large stone house (6 fireplaces), stone barn, 5 outbuildings. Convenient to Washington-Baltimore. Excellent for horses, school or community. $79,500. New Republic Box 7260.

CENTRAL OHIO - 5 minutes fron Interstate; 35 acres, 15 tillable, 11 mature woods, 5 pastureland, possibility of pond; 8 room house; new septic system; barn; garage, storage; $59,000. Servey; 222 St. Paul, #2203, Baltimore, Maryland 21202. (301) 752-2732.

RED CLOVER CREEK IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA. Beautiful Sierra stream land at Indian Creek fork. Dramatic mountain setting. We previously advertised small plan of private two acre parcels and primitive commons areas, restrictions protecting natural forest setting, electricity, year round paved access, National Forest surrounding and excellent swimming and fishing. Most sold to New Republic respondents. We have now completed a similar very small plan for permanent homes or retreats, combining all the above with partial self-sufficiency provided by adjacent irrigated pasture, meadow and commons garden area. Wish to encourage experimentation with alternate energy. Write H. Page, Taylorsville, California 95983

Vacation-Travel

JAMAICAN roast kid for Thanksgiving? Beachfront villa, four bedrooms, from $200 with maid-cook. Hikaru, 141 Ridgefield, Hartford, Connecticut 06112. (203) 247-0759.

FREIGHTER TRAVEL - We specialize in arranging long or short freighter voyages throughout the world. Let us help you plan a delightful trip. No charge for our service. PEARL'S TRAVEL TRIPS, 175 Great Neck Road, Suite 306R, Great Neck, New York 11021

WASHINGTON, D.C. JULY 4th, 1976 WEEK-END—accommodations for Bicentennial Celebration. Hotels, meals, historic and contemporary tours. Participation in festivities of your choice including, of course, Bicentennial fireworks gala. Potomac River Cruises, limo services available. Send self-addressed stamped envelope, 1776 TOURS, INC., 8401 Connecticut Avenue, Penthouse 3, Chevy Chase, Maryland 20015

PLEASANT BACKPACKING - rock climbing, x-country skiing, canoeing in Eastern U.S./Canada. Experienced leadership. Families/singles. ODYSSEY, LTD., 26 Hilltop, Berkeley Heights, New Jersey 07922. (201) 322-8414.

NEW CONCEPT IN ECONOMY ADVENTURE. Send stamped, self-addressed long envelope. AMTREK, Overland Expeditions, POB 206, Santa Clara, California 95052

EXPLORE the Parisian Left Bank in new offbeat guidebook, PARISWALKS, by Alison and Sonia Landes. Four 2½ hour walking tours, maps, photos, hotel list, recipes. Send $4.50 for paperback copy to Dept. JW, the New Republic Book Co., Inc., 1826 Jefferson Place N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

Arts & Crafts

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINT REPRODUCTIONS. Masterpieces by Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. Catalog fully illustrated with 486 subjects. $8.00. Write Adachi Institute, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan or Fuji Ueda, 17841 Golfview Road, Homewood, Illinois 60430.

"GETTING STARTED IN STAINED GLASS" 50¢ Whittemore, Box 2065PP, Hanover, Massachusetts 02339

the Copper Puzzle

Thom D. Hickam
The Craftsmen of Chelsea Court
2551 Virginia Ave. N.W.
Watergate, D. C. 20037

The Copper Puzzle is mounted between Plexiglas with brass bolts. Puzzles most common from this series are birds and the human figure. Please state a preference when ordering. 5"x7" mounted size $35.

Create Your Own Calendar.

Make a personal gift with your favorite photos for someone special. Our 1976 Creative Photo Calendar contains six artistic pages with 7" x 7" for one enlargement or your arrangement of smaller photos, or child's drawings, etc. 72 adhesive tabs included for easy mounting. $2.00 each or 3 for $5.00.

Valk Visuals, Box 16 E Horseheads, N.Y. 14845

Gourmet/Cookery

WILD RICE FANCY $4.20 pound prepaid, 5 pound minimum shipment. E.L., Floura, Blackduck, Minnesota 56630.

Records/Tapes

FREE RECORD ALBUM CATALOG low prices - "Many Goodies" shows, soundtracks, jazz, nostalgia, classical, variety. Treasury House, Dept. R., P. O. Box 165, Brooklyn, New York 11235

Music

BEST kits yet for Dulcimers, plucked or hammered, mt. style banjos, psalteries, thumb pianos, kazoos. Also completed instruments and instruction books, records, and cases. HERE, INC., 410 Cedar, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55454.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS—Fine and lasting musical instruments in kit form. Patented Burton Jacks. Write Box 80222N Lincoln, Nebraska 68501, for free brochure.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake, Dependable, beautiful moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

DULCIMERS, FRETLESS BANJOS of highest quality craftsmanship and materials. Sunhearth, Roaring Spring, Pennsylvania 16673

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion) .....60¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year .....55¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year .....50¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year .....45¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year .....40¢

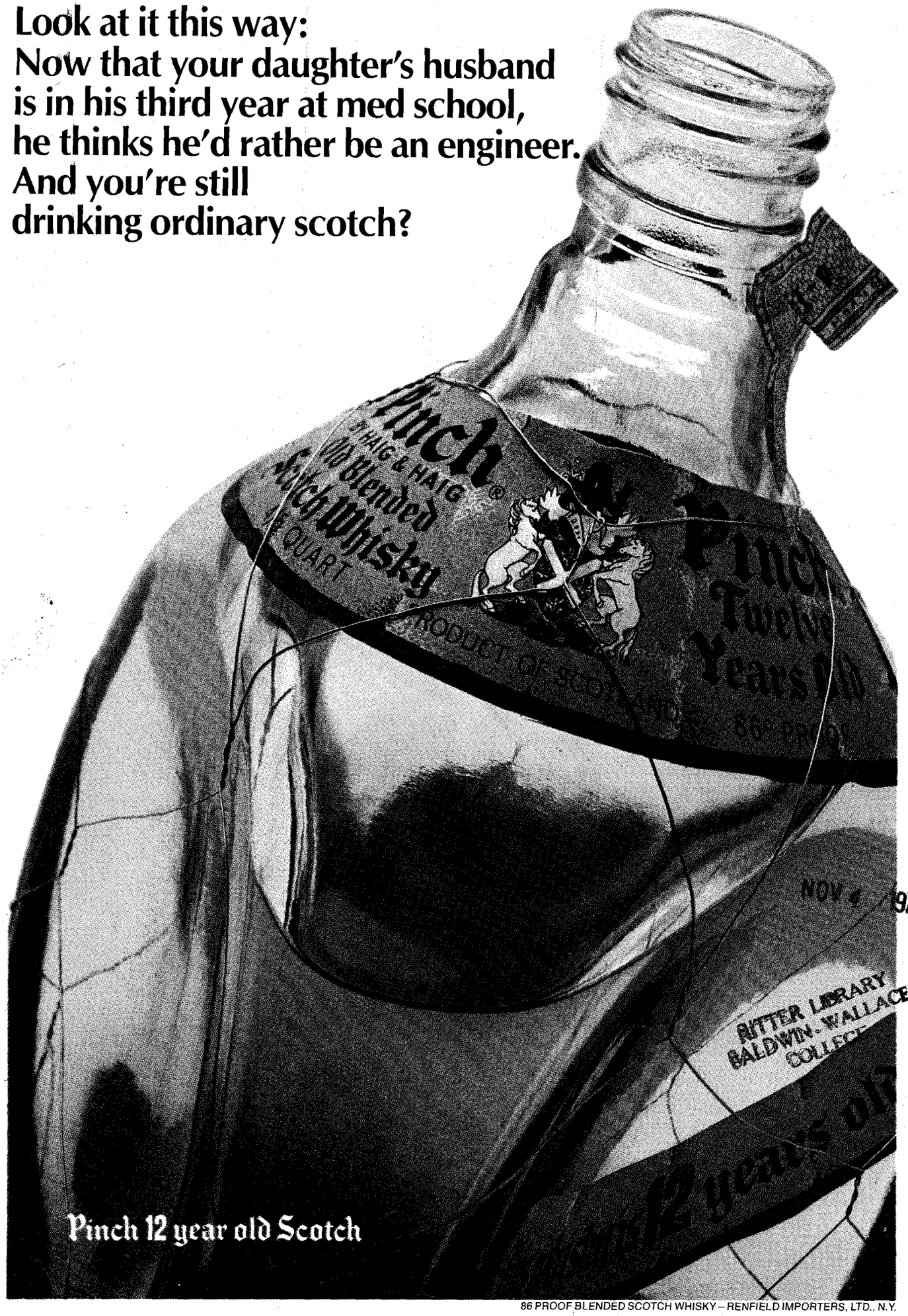
Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year
24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance

Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Look at it this way:
Now that your daughter's husband is in his third year at med school, he thinks he'd rather be an engineer. And you're still drinking ordinary scotch?



NOV 4 1975
RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY – RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED